The Saturday Review of Literature

VOL. XV NO. 25 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1937 TEN CENTS A COPY

TUSCULUM COLLEGE LIBRARY

IN THIS ISSUE

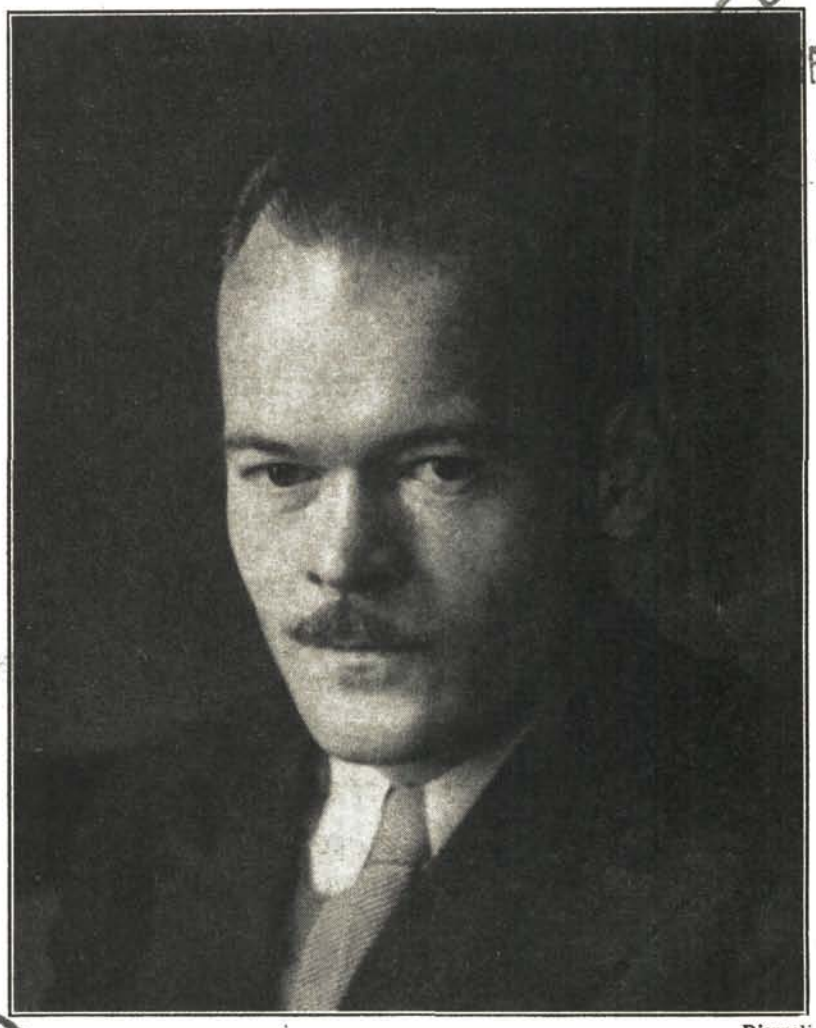
HENRY SEIDEL CANBY
The American Santayana

OLIVER LaFARGE
Reviews "The Laurels Are Cut Down" by Archie Binns

JOHN GUNTHER
Reviews "We Cover the World" Edited by Eugene Lyons

EDITH GITTINGS REID
Reviews "The Woodrow Wilsons" by Eleanor Wilson McAdoo

PAUL ENGLE
Reviews "Buckskin Breeches" by Phil Stong



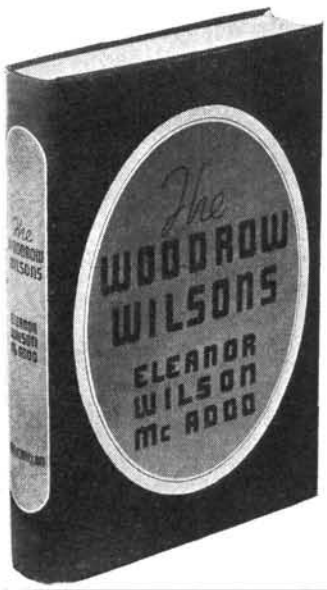
Disraeli

ARCHIE BINNS

"As a sample drawn up from American life, it is as essentially true and typical as the most obvious, drum-beating proletarian stories" . . . *(See page 5)*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A fascinating, intimate record of a vital personality—



The Woodrow Wilsons

by ELEANOR WILSON McADOO

The youngest daughter of the War President portrays him in a new and engaging role: as husband and father and the center of the unusual family group which surrounded him throughout his prodigious career.

Mrs. McAdoo's reminiscences run from her earliest memories at Princeton, to the White House and the World War. She writes with candor and humor of great world events as the family shared them. The book's warm simplicity of style and its power for evoking scenes and personalities make it fascinating reading. $3.50

Introductory Lecture of 1892

by A. E. Housman

This volume marks the first appearance in a generally available edition of a work that has been noted among scholars for the past forty years. In it Housman seeks to settle the rival claims of Science and the Humane Letters, and then proceeds to a defense of the pursuit of learning for its own sake. $1.00

"A love story as charming as any they have ever spun."
—NEW YORK SUN

Gentlemen from England

by

Maud and Delos Lovelace

$2.50

"Handsomely written—exciting —perfectly organized."
—NEW YORK TIMES

People in Cages

by

Helen Ashton

Author of "Hornets' Nest," etc.

$2.50

New Faith for Old

by Shailer Mathews

"His record of the changing thought during the past fifty years comes as a most stimulating gift to those who are still in harness. . . . In its sanity and tolerance this chronicle of the social progress made since 1914 is as hopeful as anything that can be found. His is the faith made evident in works."—*Boston Eve. Transcript* $3.00

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

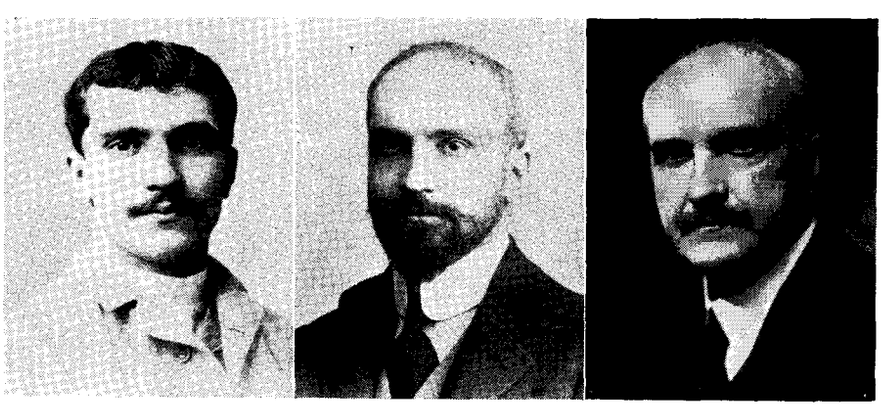
60 Fifth Avenue New York

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The American Santayana

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THE definitive edition* of the works of George Santayana, now published in full, offers to the growing circle of his admirers a complete text, excellently printed, and one novelty of very great interest. To many of these volumes Santayana has prefixed brief introductions in which he explains his own work, where explanation is necessary, and brings up to date the history of his own mind as recorded in his works. The opportunity thus offered for critical discussion is irresistible. In these paragraphs I do not presume to analyze the man's philosophy; but it has long been clear, and indeed is emphatically stated in these prefaces, that Santayana is a man-of-letters as well as a philosopher. And even one unaccustomed to metaphysical dialectics may venture to define in this, our most illustrious intellectual immigrant, how much he belongs to American literature. Questions have been raised as to whether he is American at all, or if American whether not only a Harvard exotic, soon to be replanted abroad.



GEORGE SANTAYANA: IN 1886, IN 1910, AND TODAY.

It may be mere chance that the portrait of Santayana in 1909 prefaced to Volume VII, is exceedingly Spanish in aspect, whereas in his last photographs any European, I think, would recognize an American. Let us say that the painter and the candid photographer have caught two aspects of this half Spanish boy, who grew up as a Bostonian and a Harvard man, and is concluding his life internationally on the Continent, where temperamentally he seems most at home. At all events, the American aspect is there, and also in his works. His best and most durable writing will, I think, unquestionably be adjudged to native American literature.

There are two interesting passages in his new Prefaces which bear out this argument. "The Last Puritan," it seems, was meant to be the chronicle, half satirical, half poetic, of a sentimental education. But as the book slowly formed over many years in Santayana's mind, the two contrasting character types of Oliver and Mario began to represent "potentialities which from my earliest youth I felt in myself or divined in other people." This interest in personalities is again emphasized in the Preface to "The Life of Reason." As Santayana grew older the life of reason which had held for him the center of the stage receded, and, so he says, nature, most of all human nature against its material background, came forward. It occurs to him that "a more honest criticism of progress might be based on tracing the distracted efforts of man to satisfy his natural impulses in his natural environment." His own art thus comes "to express his reasoned preference amongst all the forms of experience which his imagination can propose." In order to discern "a healthy life, for the soul no less than the body, not much learning is required, only a little experience, a little reflection, and a little candor." All this is a description of a progress (or regress if you please) from argumentative philosophy to literature. It is the testimony of a thinker who finds that subtle illustration from life is more valid than dogmatic analysis. It leads Santayana inevitably to the concrete character, to such a character as Oliver, whose life story, drawn from Santayana's own experience with Harvard friends, raises a question as "to what insoluble conflict between the world and the spirit could such failure be due?," whose answer is not in a system of philosophy but in an imaginative reconstruction of a place, a time, and a man. Thus does the philosopher become novelist, bringing with him that lucid style, rich in overtones, which he had developed in the attempt to catch the nuances of truth unrecordable in formulas or in the mere denotations of words.

It is for this reason that I claim Santayana, in spite of his Latin temperament, for native American literature. His erudition, his Catholic tradition, his Latin mind all focus at the last upon a contemporary problem whose terms are most exciting to him when seen in the America where his youth and early manhood were spent. That problem is not reserved for the truth-in-fiction of "The Last Puritan." One finds it stated more beautifully than elsewhere in that classic essay "The Genteel Tradition in American Philosophy," with its admirable account of the conflicts in the American mind. One finds it in "The Life of Reason" and in "Character and Opinion in the United States." His superb "Soliloquies in England" is the book of an outsider looking in, specifically I should say, an American outsider, for his chief care in this book is to lift from the mists and spiritual adaptations of England those Anglo-Saxon traits which are so deeply inwoven in our American complex.

And indeed the essence of his philosophy (using essence in his own sense) is conditioned by an American experience. His final reliance on a materialism that sees nature as a mechanism, above which the spirit and the reason are both free to play and to build what manner of life they will that does not violate the environment which makes them possible, seems to me to be a philosophy as American in its derivation as pragmatism. For in the United States, as Santayana remarks again and again, the influence of nature—a continent to be settled, a new

* *THE WORKS OF GEORGE SANTAYANA. Triton Edition. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.* 1936-7. *14 volumes, edition limited to* 940 *sets.*

Next Week

TALLEYRAND
By COMTE DE SAINT-AULAIRE
Reviewed by Crane Brinton

THE MIRACLE OF ENGLAND
By ANDRÉ MAUROIS
Reviewed by Garrett Mattingly

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

life to be made—was more direct than in Europe, while those diverse reactions, none final, none perfect, of an Emerson, a Lincoln, a Rockefeller, illustrate with great clarity the freedom of the spirit to make different careers from the same set of earthly conditions. These several wills choosing different objects, seem to be irreconcilable — millionaires in search of material powers, ardent minds like Emerson or Alcott confident of spiritual triumphs,—yet all are conditioned by the freedom of the American continent to set animal faith in progress toward new goals.

And all this is beautifully illustrated by Oliver who failed, like Santayana's young Harvard poet friends of the 80s and 90s, mentioned in his Preface, because while "they had all been fearless and independent in mind; . . . none of them seemed to have found matter fitted for his energies, or to have had the intellectual power requisite to dominate his circumstances and turn what might be unfavourable in them into a triumph of expression." Oliver failed because "his capacity for perfection was moral only," and he had neither the insight nor the courage to make this vocation for moral perfection definite. "His great error was that he tried to be commonplace." He failed because, unlike Emerson, he lacked the courage not of his convictions but for their application. There was "no cross to take up, no Jesus to follow, and no way of salvation to preach." He was the American let down because at his late date the demands of his physical environment had become too complex for the will to moral perfection to satisfy without a personality equally complex to further it. He broke down as the American millionaire born too late for the age of exploitation breaks down into a miser or an economic parasite. The Latin detachment cannot conceal the obvious fact that Santayana in this book is writing as one committed by sympathetic experience to the American experiment.

I am treading more slippery ground when I say that Santayana's style seems to me to belong to the American rather than to the English category of expressiveness. On rereading many chapters in this new edition, and especially the new Prefaces, I am impressed in this style by its qualities of lucidity, direction to the general intelligence, its wit so often dependent upon sharp contrasts, and its pervasive notes of kindliness and good will. No one of these qualities is distinctively American, but the blend is very characteristic of our style at its best. One finds it in Santayana's colleague, William James, though his writing seldom attains the harmonious beauty which Santayana reaches more often than any contemporary writer in English. The beauty is of the mind as much as of the words, and that mind, in spite of its fast grip upon a materialistic basis for all life as we know it, is suffused with good will and a tempered optimism. Its faith in the possibilities of a clear-eyed human nature belongs in the Jeffersonian tradition; Santayana is, indeed, a sympathetic critic of that tradition. There is a real correspondence between him and, say, Thoreau when his feathers were unruffled, whose affectionate but realistic criticism of Emerson and Alcott is not unlike Santayana's attitude toward America. The rhythms of his style also seem to me American. They certainly do not suggest the Latin writing in English, nor are they to my ear British English prose. Impossible to prove this assertion; yet I suspect that the literary American prose, that is both beautiful and American, which Thoreau certainly attained, and few if any others in the remaking of our literature and our journalism since, may find in Santayana one of its guides and monuments. Consider, for example, his account of how the American ceased to believe in a vengeful God:—

> The nation became numerous; it ceased to be either ecstatic or distressful; the high social morality which on the whole it preserved took another color; people remained honest and helpful out of good sense and good will rather than out of scrupulous adherence to any fixed principles. They retained their instinct for order, and often created order with surprising quickness; but the sanctity of law, to be obeyed for its own sake, began to escape them; it seemed too unpractical a notion, and not quite serious. In fact, the second and native-born American mentality began to take shape. The sense of sin totally evaporated. Nature, in the words of Emerson, was all beauty and commodity; and while operating on it laboriously, and drawing quick returns, the American began to drink in inspiration from it esthetically. At the same time, in so broad a continent, he had elbow-room. His neighbors helped more than they hindered him; he wished their number to increase. Good will became the great American virtue; and a passion arose for counting heads, and square miles, and cubic feet, and minutes saved—as if there had been anything to save them for. How strange to the American now that saying of Jonathan Edwards, that men are naturally God's enemies! Yet that is a maxim to any intelligent Calvinist, though the words he uses may be different. If you told the modern American that he was totally depraved, he would think you were joking, as he himself usually is. He is convinced that he has always been, and always will be, victorious and blameless.

I have purposely chosen a sample of Santayana's plain style, almost devoid of those exquisite overtones which he has at command, written to explain, not to charm. Is it not good American?

One of the most penetrating studies of the flow of American intellect is, to my thinking, the lecture on The Genteel Tradition in American Philosophy, from which this passage is taken, delivered by Santayana in California in 1911. In the course of this lecture he analyzed two broad tendencies which were emotional as much as intellectual and which, down to the Great War at least, may be said to have provided the leadership for the intellectualized life of America. Both, as he indicates, are in close correspondence with the drive of energy and direction of the will toward success, which have built up America as we know it, but in this lecture it is spiritual not material development in which he is interested. The first was Calvinism which became a genteel tradition when the mingled ecstasy and distress of the period of settlements ended. The second was transcendentalism, borne in upon the current of good will which resulted from the success of the American experiment and becoming with Emerson, who "opened his eyes each morning with a fresh sincerity," a method of coveting truth. And this also became a genteel tradition for mediocre minds who wished an escape from reality. Only Whitman, among Americans, broke away from the genteel tradition altogether, and he, lazy and unintellectual, was content with a democracy of all the emotions, which tumbled down the fences of all the sacred cows of the American tradition, but stopped with release.

It is curious that in this brilliant analysis, which I have oversimplified, he does not mention Thoreau. Nature for the nature lover, Santayana believes to be usually an elusion of human experience, a romantic escape into a mirror of your

(*Continued on page* 14)

Words for Water

BY FRANCES FROST

UPSTREAM we leaned upon the charge of water
through evening plunging:
the full and level river suddenly
severed and falling

valleyward flung back its voice: blown upward
the syllables of water
crashing upon the fractured rocks returned
the cadence of disaster.

Downstream we pushed aside the heavy branches
and knew the autumn aster
stubborn and blue against a tangled planet
and the quiet river narrowed,

and knew the slowed and lesser music truer
and named the shape of needles
exact upon the bitter-tasting twig,
and were by silence taken.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Company, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; Henry Seidel Canby, Vice-President and Chairman; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Subscription, $3.50 a year. Vol. XV, No. 25, April 17, 1937. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 1, 1879.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Heirs of the Pioneers

THE LAURELS ARE CUT DOWN. By Archie Binns. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by OLIVER LAFARGE

THE discussion of sectional versus general novels in American fiction seems somewhat academic to anyone widely acquainted with these United States. In actual fact there have been very few stories written that are not fundamentally sectional, with the exception of such panoramic works as Dos Passos's series. A certain urban provincialism similar to the attitude of a Parisian towards "les provinces," strengthened by our middle class's strong sense of security and unity, has led us to accept a novel laid in New York or Boston or some such center as being general, where one laid in Georgia is sectional. The American pattern is one of men reared in a locality of definite local flavor, whether city, country, or wilderness, who come in maturity to participate in the common experiences and activities of America as a whole. Perhaps one might define a truly sectional novel as one in which the larger part of the experiences of the characters are unfamiliar to the people of the country at large. The bulk of American novels can be neatly divided according to this criterion, and relatively few will be found which combine both classifications, with the emphasis slowly shifting from the local in youth to the general in later years of wider activity.

Youth is secure in a limited environment which it can entirely know, and within which both causes and effects are visible, but then the great machinery of the whole world reaches in, catches the individual in its cogs, and tosses him elsewhere with what looks to him like erratic unreasonableness. Against the machine the individual instinctively battles to retain his identity and his sense of mastery of his own fate. According to his gifts and his luck he may or may not come eventually in some degree to understand and manage the machine.

Archie Binns emphasizes this conflict in "The Laurels Are Cut Down" by placing the childhood of the two brothers, George and Alfred, in a lovely, strange, and remote part of our Northwest coast, where the world seems powerless to reach. The boys grow up in a wilderness environment which accustoms them to look realistically upon a limited life, and to expect to master it. Becoming too big for their native district, they sail to Alaska in a boat of their own building, continuing there the satisfactory, self-sufficient life of the pioneer, which the war cuts short. As soldiers they go to the Siberian campaign. There George is killed by the machine of chance, and Alfred is deeply changed before he returns to seek for an old peace with an altered soul no longer adjusted to it.

At no time do the two men get a whole view of what they are doing, but like most of us are constantly trying to understand life after the manner of the three blind men studying the elephant.

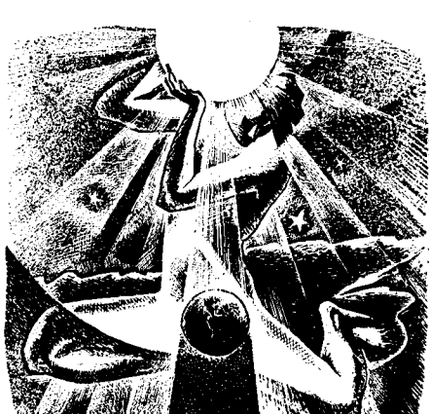
This is not, however, a novel of frustration. It is a story of vigor and of vigorous people. As a sample drawn up from American life, it is as essentially true and typical as the most obvious, drum-beating proletarian stories. The study of the growth of the two boys and their development into maturity contains the understanding and the sense of shaping influences which were forecast in Mr. Binns's first novel, "Lightship." There is something a little unreal at moments in the brothers' devotion to each other; this element seems to become slightly literary rather than drawn from life, at the point where they both love the same woman; but in the main it rings true. The colorful and sometimes bizarre adventures fit reasonably into the shape of their lives, and the fecundity of the author's imagination is refreshing, not merely over-rich. Occasionally to be sure, he puts some pretty romantic trimmings on the romantic tradition. And he has a mannerism which is becoming increasingly and unreasonably common in writers who wish to achieve an effect of vigorous style—the splitting up of obviously homogeneous sentences by means of periods where commas would suffice. Yet Mr. Binns has high descriptive ability, and his novel has at once meaning and entertainment value. It is an advance over its promising predecessor, "Lightship," and one hopes that it is a stage in the development of a gifted and strongly individual writer.

A Scientist's Creed

A BOOK OF HOURS. By Donald Culross Peattie. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by MARY LEE

THE freshness of morning in the springtime is in this new book of Donald Culross Peattie's, as it was in his book on Audubon, and in his "Almanac for Moderns." Mr. Peattie interprets for the ordinary individual the philosophy of science—a scientist who penetrates the secrets of the universe, but on whom nevertheless its beauty is not lost, a poet if you like, but a poet whose background is modern scientific knowledge. He does for moderns what Emerson did for the Victorians, philosophizes gently from the point of view of our knowledge, which is scientific, as Emerson philosophized gently from the point of view of their knowledge, which was theological.



DECORATION BY LYND WARD
From "A Book of Hours."

Here are twenty-four essays, one for each hour of the day and night. Reading them, you feel the globe rolling on its axis, hear the birds sing at dawn, see the light spread from the Atlantic to the Pacific, feel bats flitter in the creeping twilight, lose yourself in the damp mystery of the night. Beyond this, you are conscious of the globe's place among the planets, and of our own sun's insignificance among the other suns. The Universe spreads about you. Each essay is in its way a poem, a poem that presents the universe in its relation to the human being and his reaction to it. Here is a scientist who is in all things human.

"Wherever you are placed, you are already in the field," he tells us. "Before you is material rich in proportion as your vision is clear. . . . On such a marine fauna as is hourly washed up on Long Island beaches, Aristotle was never privileged to gaze." Contemplation of the outward universe is the mirror in which man may most truly see himself, in Mr. Peattie's opinion.

Beauty he finds in the universe, but not teleology; life is an infinite series of experiments, not an organized plan. "One has to swallow the fact that the manifestations of life are not the best or the most effective or concise or simple that could be imagined. . . . And life is that energy that will try anything and, eventually, will have tried everything, even those schemes of things that we call beautiful and reasonable."

Mr. Peattie's creed is simple. It is the creed of moderns: "I have faith in science. I believe in the reality of ethics. I have beheld beauty."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Blood and Meat

WE COVER THE WORLD. By Sixteen Foreign Correspondents. Edited by Eugene Lyons. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1937. $3.

Reviewed by JOHN GUNTHER

THIS book, though necessarily uneven, is grand reading. It is like a series of appendices to the recent autobiographies of Messrs. Sheean, Duranty, Farson, Wythe Williams, John Whitaker, and Webb Miller. Chaperoned earnestly by Mr. Eugene Lyons, formerly of the United Press in Moscow, sixteen foreign correspondents tell some of the stories they have seen over all the world. Those readers who liked the other newspaper books will like this one, too.

The first thing that occurred to me after reading it is that literature has certainly made terrific inroads on the newspaper business. If foreign correspondents go on writing books at the current rate, there won't be any foreign correspondents left. Of the sixteen authors represented in the present volume, only eight, so far as I can check, are actually at the moment still on the job as foreign correspondents. This doesn't necessarily reflect on Mr. Lyons's judgment as editor or the quality of the book, though it invalidates the title. It does show that a good foreign correspondent is amply pleased to quit journalism with his heels flying if he can free-lance successfully at home. It does show that men and women who have spent years of training in Europe or Asia may be so unsympathetically treated by the home office or so badly paid that they take the first opportunity to repatriate themselves. Think of the brilliant group of correspondents who have quit Europe for one reason or other in the past few years—Sheean, George Seldes, Farson, Junius Wood, John Clayton, Constantine Brown, Jay Allen, Dorothy Thompson. The loss of correspondents like these (even though they may be doing notable work at home) is a national misfortune.

Let us go through the present list of authors. Fifty percent are no longer in the foreign game. Frazier Hunt quit the *Chicago Tribune* years ago; Linton Wells has done recent newspaper work but I don't believe he is in Europe at the moment; Junius Wood, after thirty years of service, is in Holland, Mich.; George Seldes no longer works for a daily newspaper, nor does Miss Knight; Negley Farson is finishing a novel; Mr. Ekins flew around the world a few months ago but he isn't a foreign correspondent just now; Mr. Lyons is free-lancing in New York.

Three agency men, three distinguished veterans, are those whom Mr. Lyons, I imagine, considers his stars in the present volume—Jim Mills of the A.P., Karl von Wiegand of the Hearst services, and the U.P.'s Webb Miller. These three, all of them split-second men on competing news agencies, have crossed trails on two or three continents for twenty or more years, and it is exciting to find them still battling in this book.

Mr. Mills heads off with a chapter, "Scoop Hunting Around the World," telling how he broke the Rickett oil concession story in Ethiopia, how he saw Henry Pu-Yi of Manchukuo enthroned (on a sub-zero morning—but the authorities wouldn't let the correspondents wear hats or overcoats!), and how he variously interviewed King Constantine of Greece and Dowager Queen Marie of Rumania.

JAMES A. MILLS AND JUNIUS B. WOOD IN MUKDEN
During Japanese occupation of Manchuria (September, 1932).

King Constantine talked exclusively about the live bedbug crop in Smyrna. Mr. Mills, of all American correspondents in Europe or Asia, knows the kings and queens best, and many is the grand evening I have had with him as he pulled one royalty after another out of his generous and capacious pocket.

Mr. Von Wiegand talks mostly of aviation, and describes in detail the flight of the *Graf Zeppelin* around the world, which he helped to organize. It still gives a thrill.

Webb Miller's chapter is about Spain, and forms a sort of terrible pendant to his recent book, "I Found No Peace." When Mr. Miller finished that job, he was still hoping to discover the quiet rusticity of Thoreau. Instead a military desperado named Franco tried to overthrow the lawful government of Spain, and Mr. Miller went to watch. He mentions a young Franco officer who admitted having executed seventy-one men. He gives a ghastly description of the burning of the San Juan Hospital in Toledo, after the rebels captured it, and when apparently Franco's Moors murdered the wounded inside by blowing them up with hand grenades. Mr. Miller's twenty-six pages about Spain in this book comprise one of the most valid, tenacious, photographic, and horrifying passages of descriptive reporting I have ever read.

There is blood and meat all through this book. Linton Wells gives an extremely outspoken (and anti-Italian) picture of the Ethiopian war, culminating in the bombing of Dessye, and Negley Farson (but is not his chapter a verbatim reproduction of sections of his "Way of a Transgressor"?) describes again — with great vividness—India during the Gandhi period and the beating of non-resistant Indians by the British.

Frazier ("Spike") Hunt contributes a Kiplingesque anecdote, "I Capture Vladivostok"; George Seldes tells how hard it is for a correspondent to work in Fascist Italy. And so the rest of the book goes, with chapters by William Henry Chamberlin on Russia, Jack Starr Hunt on Mexico (lots of blood again), Mr. Ekins on his world flight, Mary Knight on Paris stuff, Mr. Lyons on his interview with the Shah of Persia, and three chapters on the Far East, by Hallett Abend (very informative), Frank H. Hedges, and Randall Gould.

My favorite chapter is, I think, "Do Dictators Die in Bed?" by Junius B. Wood, that implacable and doughty veteran who wandered the world thirty-two years for the *Chicago Daily News*. Journalism isn't journalism any more, with Mr. Wood out of it. Europe isn't Europe any more, with the prospect temporarily eliminated of a chance meeting with the shaven skull, the charred pipe, the sardonic smile of Mr. Wood, as he casually undertakes to despoil some foreign office of its most precious inner secrets, and in the process reduce its personnel to bewildered frenzy. Mr. Wood, in this book, tells of Chang-Tso-Lin, of Zinoviev, of Captain Roehm, and of President Gomez of Venezuela. But the best stories Mr. Wood leaves out, namely the stories about himself. The cycle of Junius Wood legends, which Mr. Wood chooses modestly to censor, is kept alive these days by word of mouth. When Mr. Wood puts them down on paper finally, he will have written the newspaper autobiography to end autobiographies.

Not much serious politics or serious introspection appears in Mr. Lyons's compilation. Mostly it is adventure and impressionism.

A word finally about omissions. No anthology, least of all one of this very personal kind, will suit everyone, but I should like to see a chapter or two more. It seems odd that there is not a word in

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this book about England, the key to everything in Europe; hardly a word about Germany; and only a little on France. Why isn't there something in it by Edgar Ansel Mowrer, who is probably the most distinguished of all American newspaper correspondents now in Europe? Why nothing from the miraculous Birchall? Why not a word from Geneva by Clarence Streit, or from loyalist Spain by Herbert Matthews who is cleaning up there so impressively, or from Gedye or Fodor in Vienna? And why not at least one friendly word from someone who is today in the Soviet Union?

John Gunther is the author of "Inside Europe."

Pursuit of an Ideal

MY FATHER PAUL GAUGUIN. By Pola Gauguin. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1937. $3.75.

Reviewed by PEPPINO MANGRAVITE

THIS is the biography of an unusual and independent artist, who aspired to greatness and had sufficient powers to achieve it—posthumously. Gauguin was a man with a powerful and magnetic personality, fearless, resolute, and iron willed. Beneath a sharp and immobile countenance dwelt uncontrolled and uncontrollable passions. One shuddered or shyed at his stares. A fierce look of his probably saved him from being slashed with a razor by his obsessed friend and enemy, Vincent Van Gogh. And stories tell that Vincent's most dangerous obsession was his friend Paul; an obsession which, determined by his particular turn of the screw, led the young Dutch master to suicide. For Gauguin, the once successful stockbroker, was capable of arousing the most poignant and alien feelings in whomever he came in contact with. His was the burning flame of genius, which in his special case, drove him out of position, family, society, and civilization. It did not fail, however, to fire his imagination to great heights. In the realm of creative painting he was his happiest and at his consistent best.

Pola Gauguin is amply qualified to write about his father's life and work. With the vast amount of intimate knowledge and material he has at hand, he weaves the life of Gauguin into a stirring drama, from the time "before he became an artist and human, and after." Gauguin the irrational, the sensualist, the searcher for a new pattern of pictorial beauty, is traced and recorded from his infancy, throughout the days when in France Impressionism was the *dernier cri*, and to his many and varied retreats, from Panama to the South Sea Islands, and finally to the Marquesas where he found love, peace and beatitude, and also ruin and despair.

This book takes place in authenticity and appreciation among the best biographies of nineteenth century painters.

The Wilsons' Family Life

THE WOODROW WILSONS. By Eleanor Wilson McAdoo. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1937. $3.50.

Reviewed by EDITH GITTINGS REID

IN this chronicle of the Wilson family, Mrs. McAdoo, Woodrow Wilson's youngest daughter, visualizes herself as a warm-hearted, empty-headed young girl, full of the joy of life and unsophisticated enthusiasms; but we must credit her with a better brain than she credits herself with, or she could not have written so well constructed a book.

The author begins her account with her earliest recollections—the household's joy over Grover Cleveland's second election to the presidency—and ends it with the summer of 1914, the time of her mother's death. With great good sense she leaves the fateful years that followed to the verdict of time.

The close family life of the Wilsons, their mutual admiration and affection, their generous sharing of all they had, their simple material desires and soaring ideals, are convincingly portrayed. Mrs. McAdoo reverences the ideals of her adored family, but with amusing naïveté and frankness, she tells us that she can't be quite so noble. She doesn't really want to be; she dreadfully wants to enjoy herself in a frivolous and harmless way; her mother's economy with clothes is hard for her to bear. We are glad to know that, as the family finances improve, she does get the smart clothes and the dances, and the beaux, even though she is not over-discriminating where the latter are concerned. Her trivialities are never dull, because she so youthfully enjoys them.

Her narrative flows easily along over shallows and depths; the diction is admirable. The real value of her book lies in the picture she gives of her father. The Wilson family were always aware that the head of the house, from "whom they had never heard an angry word," who would, if need be, cheerfully stoke the furnace or clean the boots, who is their good comrade, was too big for their provincial frame.

Mrs. McAdoo carries her readers with her into intimate relationship with her father through the professorship at Princeton, the presidency of the college, the governorship of New Jersey, and the first years of his presidency of the United States. She gives graphic pictures of the sideshows on the road to glory. The temperamental, nerve-racking condition the country blazes into every four years during the presidential campaign is written down with red-hot excitement and realism. She is quite without malice, and her father's opponents are passed by with just a little pity that they should be so blind. The main achievements of her father's career she treats with unexpected maturity of judgment. When you close the book there remains no mysterious, unknown Wilson; you see his integrity, and also the weak points in his armor, one of the most fatal being that he could not comprehend anyone with ideals other than his own. "I cannot ever seem to remember that there are people who cannot be trusted," he once remarked.

Near the end of the book Mrs. McAdoo tells an arresting story. At the White House luncheon following the inauguration ceremonies she heard Mr. Taft say to her father:

> "Mr. President, I hope you will be happy here." Father repeated, "Happy?" The usual smile left Mr. Taft's face as he answered, "Yes, I know. I am glad to be going—this is the loneliest place in the world." I looked around at the mob of people, all so polite, so deferential. Yes, I know what he meant, but we wouldn't be lonely—we had each other—no one could take that away from us.

Edith Gittings Reid is the author of "Woodrow Wilson: the Caricature, the Myth, and the Man."

GOVERNOR AND MRS. WILSON LEAVING PRINCETON MARCH 3, 1912

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of Literature

BERNARD DEVOTO.....Editor
NOBLE A. CATHCART.....Publisher
AMY LOVEMAN.....Associate Editor
GEORGE STEVENS....Managing Editor
HENRY SEIDEL CANBY, WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT, CHRISTOPHER MORLEY } Contributing Editors

THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

THE SATURDAY REVIEW cannot assume responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts submitted without an addressed envelope and the necessary postage.

Copyright, 1937, Saturday Review Co., Inc.

The Modern Keyhole

IMPROVEMENT in photography moves at a rapid rate. The ordinary snapshot film of commerce is eight times as fast as it was when you were a boy, and the highest speed plates are about twenty-four times as fast. Emulsions sensitive to the whole visible spectrum and beyond can be bought at any drug store. Large-aperture anastigmat lenses are produced by quantity methods cheaply enough for any purse. The cumbersome flash-gun is ancient history, the camera has shrunk from an armful to watch-fob size. Anyone can be a photographer; practically everyone is. . . . But practices older than dry plates have not lost their usefulness. A public convinced that pictures do not lie is an excellent medium for them to exercise creative imagination on. The retouching pencil that restores a blurred outline may go on to evoke anything that wasn't there when the picture was taken but would have added interest if it had been, composite printing can join together anything at all that bad luck has kept asunder, and "montage" is by no means confined to the modernist's salon.

The methods of transmitting and reproducing photographs have also steadily improved. Transmission by wire or wireless is now commonplace. Fundamental improvements in halftone and gravure are developed about once in six months, and presses that were up to the minute five years ago are now well on the way to obsolescence. Whatever masterpiece the photographer may achieve by skill, luck, or cunning this morning, the printers are equipped to share it with millions of people this afternoon.

They are happy to share it. The public is insatiably interested in photographs, and neither newspapers nor magazines need ultra-violet light to bring out the handwriting on the wall. If in bilious moments the editor of this periodical wonders whether he is not really editing a puzzle-page with occasional literary comment, he is aware that the editor of, say, *Scribner's* must sometimes pause waistdeep in candid shots and overcorrected telephotos of the Empire State Building to regret the golden days when he could think of fiction. *The Saturday Evening Post* runs a photographic cover, and *The Ladies' Home Journal* has a page of close-ups of chorus girls. And so on. Art magazines that give the vice crusaders insomnia snow the newsstands under, and this week a new periodical appeared with what must be a mathematically calculated combination of formulas. It is a technical magazine designed to help and instruct the new hordes of amateur photographers; it contains pictures of a raped and murdered girl and of a number of other girls in the shower bath, in their underclothes and doing strip acts; and it tells the amateur how these photographs were taken and how he may go and do likewise.

A well-turned blonde with some or all of her clothes off has always been news, of course, and has been advertising as well for just about twenty-five years. You remember the daring ad that began it all—showing mother, father, and Junior as jovial as could be in knitted union suits. Junior and father rapidly dropped out of that picture and pretty soon burial vaults and Portland cement were customarily advertised by means of a debutante in scanties. Now the scanties are gone; soaps, cosmetics, towels, and nearly everything else that can or can't be associated with a bathtub are advertised by the debutante clad only in an occasional patch of shadow. From the advertising to the editorial pages was just a step, barefooted, and there was a poignant moment when *Time* was scandalized by the discovery of some photographs of naked women in *Look*. It was negligent of *Life* to omit *Time's* editors from its free list.

Female nakedness and deshabille, however, though a fixed part of the formula of the newest journalism, are only a part of it. Another constant is the candid camera shot, defined as any picture of anyone whose name is familiar to the customers, taken at a moment when he would resent, or would pretend to resent, having it taken. Less publicized people have to be freakish, maimed, monstrous, or grotesque to be worthy of candid treatment. Add a department in which more or less public figures may gratify their exhibitionistic impulses and which is designed to satisfy the *voyeur* in all of us. And finally a specialization, the most important part of the formula: photographs of the horrible, the terrifying, the cruel, and the disgusting. Shrewd editing tricks these out with captions which assure the reader that his interest in them is educational, that the death-rate from cancer and reckless driving is thus cut down, and that journalism serves truth, science, freedom, and the future of democracy by showing how the corpse looked when the lynchers were through with it. This is yellow journalism, 1937 model, on crusade. Its old-fashioned, inane, Hearstian predecessor, which was sometimes thought to be debauching the public, lacked the modern keyhole that can be set at f:1.5.

Horror, cruelty, sensationalism, the undressed blonde, and the invasion of privacy mark the advance of the new picture journalism. The two new magazines which are rumored to be imminent must adopt the formula established by the two already on the market. *Life* differs from *Look* in that it has infinitely better paper and presswork, pays gifted literary people to write its captions, and has an annoying air of being at once smart, leering, censorious, and institutional. Both papers also serve, and serve splendidly, the far from novel function of photographing the news, but the big money is in the public's curiosity and nerves. Magazines which merely photograph the news can't get much beyond the fifty thousand mark, whereas a wounded gangster, a snake swallowing a giraffe, a dressmaker's model taking off her clothes, and a row of dismembered corpses bring us over a million. Beyond that is the delirious vision of the millions who can't read even the simplest words without needing aspirin but can read pictures, however sophisticated the process of producing them.

At a guess, the new journalism is a self-limited disease. The supply of people eager to be photographed in any posture or costume is probably inexhaustible. But the other necessary subjects are not, and monotony, repetition, and the law of diminishing returns are bound to be a heavy drag. The body has only so many organs and only so many operations on them can be pictured; the animal creation is also limited and large parts of it cannot swallow other parts; after the beckoning vistas of vivisection, flogging, flaying, lynching, and mob panic have been traversed, further excursions even at cut rates will prove tiresome; it is the nature of nudity that it can be no farther undressed and has only a few bizarre aspects, leaving ingenuity with nothing to work on but the same old stuff. A paper that sets out to feed the public appetite for sensationalism must feed it ever increasing doses, which must end by building up an effective immunity. What provides a spinal shudder today will end by failing even to provoke a yawn. Blood, guts, rape, and the peephole will lose their voltage, and there will be only the news to fall back on.

Meanwhile no harm is being done. Except possibly to children. The fears and phantasies of childhood can be horribly snarled by such pictures as the new magazines publish, and you had better send your copies of them to the soldiers' home if you have children. But the public at large is not being damaged. Its taste for novelty is being gratified, which makes for order. Probably also its stomach muscles are being strengthened; a clear gain, for it will need strong ones before this novelty is exhausted.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editor: *Our Correspondents Rise In Defense of George Eliot*

The Case for "Silas Marner"

SIR:—May I, one of the "working teachers" so scornfully alluded to in this outburst of one "J. H.", offer a defense of the choice of "Silas Marner" as an assignment for study in American high schools.

First, it is an example of a fairly well-built story with rising action, development, and climax. The characters are few and well sketched in; the plot is simple; the style, while what we now call somewhat heavy, is smooth and without those eccentricities which mar the work of many moderns.

Second, the book is short. Since an assignment of this sort is for the purposes of study rather than mere reading, such a long book as "Anthony Adverse" would be impossible on the score of length alone.

Third, short as "Silas Marner" is, it carries an enormous vocabulary arranged in sentences which, while constructed with that precision which is characteristic of the philosophical mind, are something of a test to the young reader.

Fourth, the sociological concepts which uphold the plot of "Silas Marner" do not offend the young mind. Silas, though he suffers unjustly, is recompensed at last; Eppie, in refusing to leave her humble home, is true to the youthful ideal of fairness. In "Anthony Adverse," on the other hand, we find at least two situations from which the adolescent mind recoils instinctively. First, the duel results in the triumph of the villain; second, Anthony never finds out who his father was nor the real reason for his imprisonment.

Fifth, after all, George Eliot was a truly great mind; is it inadvisable for beginners on the bright road of English literature to become acquainted with the master minds? Sixth, the fact that "Silas Marner" carries no "dirty words" is without doubt much in its favor. Seventh, the copyright is off "Silas Marner"; the book can be put into the hands of the children for a quarter; "Anthony" would cost much more.

Really, "J. H." you owe the whole profession an apology; our work is hard enough without such misinformed, cocksure, self-appointed critics as you (and hundreds like you; you are a very common pest or I should not take the time to answer you) getting excited because children in school read "Silas Marner." A tempest in a teapot!

MARTHA F. CHRIST.

Chicago, Ill.

Chalk Dust

SIR:—I would suggest that J. H., whose indictment of "Silas Marner" appears for some unknown reason in the *S. R. L.* for March 20th, shake the chalk-dust out of his hair and take two teaspoonfuls of bicarbonate of soda in a glass of water.

Years have gone by since I read "Silas Marner" for the first time. I have a distinct memory of the mayhem artist at the head of the room who tried to butcher the story for us. But, never one to grasp quickly the schematic vivisection of literature that is the pedagogue's only critical approach, I just read the story.

Has J. H. forgotten that unnamed thrill at the first full realization of Dunstan's weak cruelty and Molly's vice? Didn't J. H. feel the blood beating in her ears when little Eppie staggered from the thing in the snow to the open door of Silas's cottage? I could go on like this for some time. But J. H. doesn't know what a lump in the throat is, or what finesse it takes to call forth these emotions in the heart of a child. J. H. has grown up. So much the worse for J. H.

ALBERT B. FRANKLIN.

Cambridge, Mass.

"Of Mice and Men"

SIR:—Your "curiosa" of literary criticism, Exhibit A and B, have given me a valuable bit of information: where to look for choice examples of "how not to do it." These are gems, certainly, but they lack the penetrating edge of the diamond.

"Of Mice and Men" seemed to me a gift from heaven, like air and sunshine. When I started it I was conscious of having decided to read it because of its brevity (I haven't yet summoned the strength to approach "Gone With the Wind") and when I finished I was profoundly grateful for its brevity—because one word more would have spoiled its cameo perfection. And I thanked heaven for a glimpse of the beauty that can be found in ugliness. (This sounds like sentimental cynicism!) But if greatness lies in sheer power to move—to reach a rather hard-shelled heart and make one want to weep tears of compassion—to arouse a sense of pathos that somehow purifies and uplifts—then for me, at least, this book is great.

R. L. MIXNER.

Kent Place School,
Summit, N. J.

Arthur Putnam

SIR:—I should appreciate, cherish, and acknowledge gratefully any information, letters, pictures, personal information your readers may have and care to reveal about Arthur Putnam, the famous California sculptor. Any material or correspondence thus generously forwarded would of course be returned intact and the sending of it materially advance an enthusiastic purpose.

M. A. WILLSON.

245 Market Street,
San Francisco, Cal.

Wilkie Collins in America

SIR:—I am making a study of the vogue and influence of Wilkie Collins in England and America, and I should be glad to hear from your readers about unpublished Collins letters and out-of-the-way information concerning Collins's relations with his contemporaries.

In particular I should welcome any information concerning Collins's reading tour of the United States in 1873-4.

HENRY J. W. MILLEY.

Hall of Graduate Studies,
Yale University, New Haven, Conn.

"HE SAYS THOMAS WOLFE HAS NO REAL STATURE."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Passport to Biography

ONE MIGHTY TORRENT: the Drama of Biography. By Edgar Johnson. New York: Stackpole Sons. 1937. $3.50.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

THE critic and historian of literature must bring to his humble task a formidable equipment. First of all he must know the books he talks about well, not just by nodding acquaintance, but with a living intimacy. If we are to respect his judgment he must also know about them, how they came to be written, and how they have been judged. And if he is to interest many of us he must have, besides scholarship, passion. He must feel literature strongly, originally, for himself, and have the integrity to respect that feeling, and the literary skill to convey some part of it to others. And finally, if he is not to be lost in whirling words, he must have the guidance of philosophy, some thought-out and mastered system of esthetics, and in his role of historian, some central social philosophy. There are not many such critics in America today; there have never been many anywhere at any one time. This book is the passport of Mr. Edgar Johnson to that small company.

EDGAR JOHNSON

Its ambitious purpose is "to clarify the principles of biographical art and to reveal its function" by a survey of English biographical writing since the beginning of the sixteenth century, interpreting "biography" generously enough to include not only the deliberate autobiographers, Mill and Ruskin, Henry Adams and Lincoln Steffens, but diarists like Pepys and Crabb Robinson, and letter-writers like Cowper and Lamb and D. H. Lawrence. It studies in some detail against the background of their times about sixty writers, the method being to let each be revealed by quotation and anecdote before the critic steps in to comment and compare. Thus the freight of criticism is floated on a strong tide of narrative, rich in picturesque incident and intimate revelation. Floated, not swamped. The enthusiasm with which the author communicates his sense of great books and brilliant epochs never swerves the steering hand or diverts the charted course.

At that course it would be easy to cavil. English biography, taken to mean simply the records in literature of the lives of real people, is indeed a mighty torrent, a river greater and more winding than the Mississippi; no one pilot is likely to know all its bends and channels; any one passage is sure to leave great stretches unvisited. Mr. Johnson keeps deliberately to the left or literary bank. "The revelation of the artist," he says frankly, "is infinitely richer, and, when the interest is primarily in character, more readily decipherable than the usually rather thin personal records of the man who is a man of action and no more." Men of action appear seldom in these pages, and "merely historical" biography gets short shrift. Bacon's magnificent "Henry VII" is not even mentioned; Morley's monumental "Gladstone" rates a sentence; and when Carlyle is in question, "The Life of Stirling" is discussed instead of the "Oliver Cromwell." Science is equally voiceless: Darwin and Huxley are lumped in a sentence; Wallace is omitted. Among diarists, memoirists, and letter writers, English men of action, from George Best who sailed with Frobisher, to Robert Scott, dying at the Pole, have often written potent stuff, with character in it too, but Mr. Johnson will have none of them, nor even of the men of letters who have strayed too far from their daily "tea is ready," like Cobbett, and Sir Richard Burton, and Robert Graves. But why speak of lesser omissions when the greatest autobiographical writing of our time, the most fascinating personal revelation, the richest and most thoughtful style is excluded? "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom" does not even appear in the index, presumably because some chapters deal with the movement of troops. In his devotion to the literary, Mr. Johnson is inexorable.

The same devotion limits his critical considerations. He is concerned with biography as an art, and impatient of the minutiae of research. There are some fine things said in the introduction about the use of biography as a handmaiden to history, not much afterwards. Mr. Johnson insists and insists well, on the importance of truth, above everything, but the truth of the artist is not as that of other men. It admits the device of recording the intimate thoughts of persons dead for centuries, and lightheartedly recommends the recourse to psychoanalysis, or Marxism, or any other formula which will help the biographer to clarify his approach. It is unconcerned with the painful turning over of documents, the bitter struggle to recover some indubitable fact. Forster's "Dickens," Frank Harris's "Oscar Wilde," even Mrs. Gaskell's "Charlotte Brontë" satisfy its modest requirements for honesty and literal exactness. To make a speaking likeness one may suppress facts at will, or even, perhaps, invent a few corroborative details. Pooh-Bah called this sort of truth "artistic verisimilitude."

These comments are intended to warn the reader what course Mr. Johnson steers, not to warn him off the voyage. After all, biography is not only a grubby and largely unrewarding branch of historical research, but also a literary art; Sam Johnson is as real and alive, in Boswell, as Falstaff or Mr. Pickwick, and as good fun; "Lorenzo" in his letters is more human and convincing than any of the characters in his novels. The modern fictionalized biography may be no more accurate than the "Golden Legend" but it answers the same human need. Its readers do not care whether the hero's witty quip was really said by another man on another occasion, or that he is credited with thoughts whose very idiom he could not understand. They want to be interested and stirred and amused, to be taken out of themselves and persuaded for a moment that they understand all about life and history. This is the function of the artist biographer, and Mr. Johnson has spoken for him eloquently, offering to his work an enticing introduction and a shrewd appraisal.

Garrett Mattingly is on the faculty of Long Island University.

Case Book on Arms

THE PRIVATE MANUFACTURE OF ARMAMENTS. Vol. I. By Philip Noel-Baker. New York: Oxford University Press. 1937. $3.75

Reviewed by DAVID H. POPPER

ONLY readers who carefully scan the little four-line dispatches footing the columns of our daily papers will note that a submarine depot ship of the American navy, commanded by a Japanese naval officer, has arrived in Yokohama to be broken up for scrap steel for Japanese naval construction. Private interests must have been the intermediaries in this transaction. Those interests undoubtedly thrive when Japanese-American relations are exacerbated, when armaments and the raw materials from which they are made are in greatest demand. Do such private individuals therefore constitute a bevy of saboteurs of international peace? Not necessarily—but in this work Mr. Noel-Baker has set out to prove that their demise will mean the end of a primary cause of friction between nations.

The indictment has never been better drawn. Sometime scholar and public official in the field of foreign affairs and now a Labor member of Parliament, Mr. Noel-Baker has compiled a most extensive case book on the activities of private manufacturers of armaments. It is calm and dispassionate, but overwhelming in its cumulative effect. The "major evil" of private manufacture, Mr. Noel-Baker points out, is the "steady pressure of an elaborately organized and financially powerful vested interest against policies which make for peace and in favor of the increase of armaments, whether there is

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

political justification for such increase or not." The armament business is "inherently political"; and private manufacturers think about political issues in terms of armaments markets, and in these terms alone.

Fundamentally, the continuous outcry against the activities of private manufacturers has of course an ethical basis. Our common citizen feels that there exists a vast gulf between the moral values of national defense grounded in patriotism and those of the manufacture for profit of the implements of war. But Mr. Noel-Baker's approach is too scientific to be diverted into an easy castigation of the individuals engaged in this traffic. The blame for the evil effects of the system, he remarks, rests not with the individuals who work it but with the governments who condone it. The governments themselves are caught up in the resulting war complex. Through an ever-widening circle of influence the pressure of private arms interests ramifies from heavy industry and commerce to the press and public officials and sweeps from country to country by a process of action and reaction with which we are all too familiar.

Some readers, resigned to the hopelessness of the present drift toward war, will say that this book has come too late. Agreeing with its message, they will nevertheless maintain that we have gone too far along the irreversible course toward the débâcle to turn back from the armaments race. But Mr. Noel-Baker will not admit that we must withhold our attack until after the next war. He advocates immediate nationalization of arms industries, adopted by France and recommended by a majority of our own Senate Munitions Committee.

This is the view which will be defended in Mr. Noel-Baker's second volume, scheduled to appear a few months hence, which one suspects will embody the really controversial section of his argument. Defenders of private manufacture often depict it as a necessary evil with compensating advantages in cost, progress through competition, efficiency, and preparedness because of the constant flow of export orders. Others maintain that nationalization will eliminate only one of the many vested interests involved. Will not the heavy industries furnishing raw materials for armaments continue the same type of reprehensible activity even when arms factories are publicly owned? Does this mean that only the socialization of all basic industry can wipe out the evils of private armaments manufacture? Or, on the other hand, will a system of national or international control over private manufacture suffice to curb the more flagrant abuses of the system? Mr. Noel-Baker's second volume promises to throw more light on these aspects of the subject, which are particularly obscure.

David H. Popper is on the staff of the Foreign Policy Association.

The Gemütlich Frontier

BUCKSKIN BREECHES. By Phil Stong. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by PAUL ENGLE

I THINK my great grand-dad Peter Reinheimer, who built his cabin in Ioway at the same time that Jesse Ellison and his family came to build theirs, would have found this as pleasant a novel and as unreal an account of frontier life as I have. He was too busy shaking snakes out of the old cradle every time a new child was on the way to speculate with his young wife, there on the edge of the desperate wilderness, in as purple and abstract a language as David Ellison's wife when she says:

> Now the child is forming . . . sometime after we die it will leave its legacy of pain and distress, probably, on the body of another person, or accept it for itself. . . . Do you think we really have the right to charge him with life—to hate stupidity, to bear pain, to face inevitable death, to soil the earth, to be forgotten?

These are honorable sentiments, but the kind that come when frontier-making is done, when the hard, practical work is finished. Would a young girl, in 1837, entering a new cabin, about to give birth to a child with no doctor in reach, her mind filled with the daily worries of scratching a living from an unsettled land, have meditated so maturely in these words?

I feel that where the author has used his original sources the book is accurate and convincing, one of the best frontier novels, but where he has linked them together with a romantic plot it becomes overwritten and artificial. Where are the death and vermin and the children's surprise? The things that come down in journals are usually impersonal, accounts of medicines, Indian scares, people met, and not records of perpetual love affairs. The honest material here is overshadowed by the artificial. David, nineteen, born in an isolated Ohio town in the tough days, has his thoughts while lying with his girl thus described:

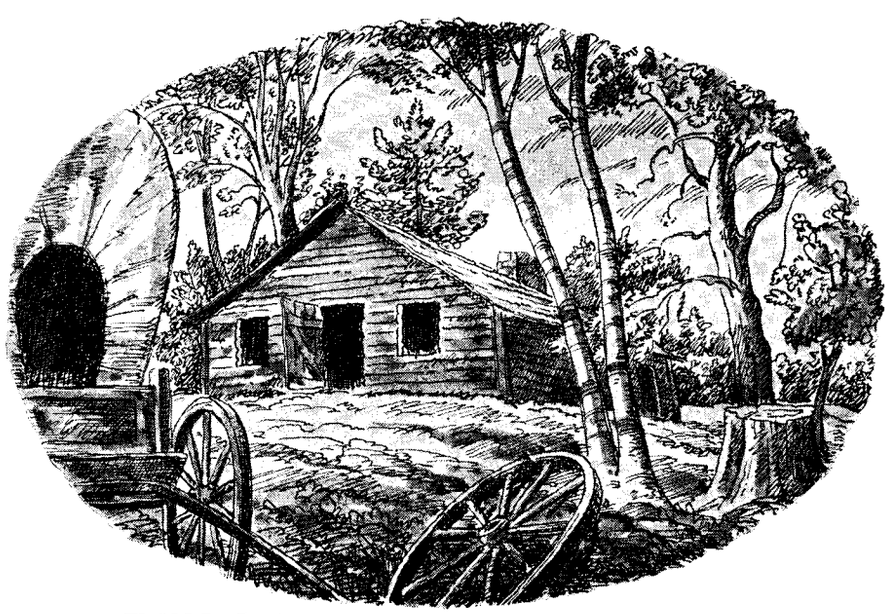
> The fire burned from his mind a dim notion that it wasn't quite that—that the graceful diminution of life and thought and beauty is tolerable but that their utter effacement, destruction, in the fraction of a second by so trivial a thing as an ounce of steel is not tolerable—an ounce of steel under this breast which coquettishly cushioned his body as it rejected it—and all the flame would be quenched, the mingling of the flesh forever quelled, the artifices forever invalid.

I do not believe that in the minds of the frontier youth of the time the artifices of love, forever valid or forever invalid, were so pointedly named, even at moments of their most strenuous sparking.

The plain fact is the most romantic part of the frontier. But it does not need constant elaboration in a love-plot which, as here, hinders the many good things of the book. There is old Eli, one of the best characters in frontier fiction. He shows his scalps to the Indians: "Eli spat majestically into the fire and flung his moldy bundle at River Heron's feet. 'There, God damn ye—count them!' " The handling of the Indians, the sense of the country of Iowa, are superb.

In spite of the romancing, "Buckskin Breeches" is a good yarn, and one of the best pieces of writing about the Middle Western frontier, but it remains at the end a love-novel based on the frontier and not a true and powerful account.

Paul Engle is the author of a volume of poetry, "American Song."



FROM THE JACKET DESIGN OF "BUCKSKIN BREECHES"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PAUL HERVEY FOX

Mathematics vs. Sex

THE ANTAGONISTS. By Paul Hervey Fox. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THIS novel is the story of an obsession. Joseph Sheppard, dedicated to the discovery of a new mathematical principle, ate, breathed, and slept mathematics at a small college. Subject to dreadful attacks of migraine, he is stricken down by one just after a crucial lecture and later his theory is challenged by a retired scholar who for a generation has dominated mathematical thought. Sheppard, therefore, on his recovery, pays a visit to Otto Weyler, to confound his arguments; and from that visit springs his meeting with Julia Daly and a complete change in his life.

The chief character is a man sexually innocent, because of his intense concentration upon the work of his mind, who by chance meets a woman of insatiable sexuality. She is married to a shady Irish promoter, and she takes her fun where she finds it. Sheppard really falls in love with her, the first time he has experienced that emotion, and the bulk of the book describes the struggle between the two. Mr. Fox has presented Julia unsentimentally, even with cruel clarity, and yet has made convincing her hold over Sheppard.

This is definitely a tragedy, but no maundering one. Sheppard is a sensitive man of unusual intellect in one direction who suddenly finds himself at grips with a life-force that for long baffles and bewilders him. When he at last opens his eyes to reality, he meets it like a man, though his real life has been irremediably invaded and ruined. The book is highly readable; it shows much understanding of human strength and weakness. The author possesses a good, terse, direct style.

A Sentimental Journey

FORWARD FROM LIBERALISM. By Stephen Spender. New York: Random House. 1937. $2.

Reviewed by GEORGE C. HOMANS

STEPHEN SPENDER says in his book of its purpose: "I do not write to give information. I am trying to do a portrait of the mind of a person whose sympathies are idealist and liberal in the present moment of history. In my opinion the mind of that person should be directed towards communism." This purpose is fulfilled, and the portrait is a good one. It is the portrait of the type sentimentalist. To quote out of context is always unfair, but I must. Mr. Spender says among other things: "Half the population of capitalist countries lives in a state of semi-starvation." Even President Roosevelt has claimed no more than one-third of our people as underfed, ill-clothed, and ill-housed, but perhaps here in America we are better off than in the average capitalist country. No matter, the point is this: Mr. Spender does not say what he means by semi-starvation, and no one else has devised either a definition of the word or a means of testing whether people are half-starved. His statement is not right or wrong; it is meaningless, and all the important statements of his book are of this sort. They are true for him because he wishes them to be true. But he argues in another place: "I am a communist because I am a liberal. Liberalism seems to me to be the creed of those who, as far as it is possible in human affairs, are disinterested, if by disinterestedness one understands not mere passivity but a regard for objective truth. . . ."

I have two main objections to make to the arguments of the intellectual and literary communists of our time, of whom Mr. Spender is one. First, they assume that the violent overturn they propose in the present organization of society is sure to be for the best. They forget that other reforms put through out of the most idealistic motives often (not always) have left us worse off than when we started, because the reformers have consulted only their own sentiments and have left out of consideration certain forces inherent in the social organism which make the result they desire unobtainable and the effort to obtain it positively harmful. Prohibition, which was designed to make America dry, left it wetter than ever. The literary communists are like desperate gamblers who always think that the next throw is sure to win—only they are playing with other people's lives. Second, they assume that its economic organization is immediately responsible for the present ills of society, that if they change the economic organization everything else—and they agree there is plenty else—will come right. In this I think that they are naive, but I have only space cryptically to recommend to Mr. Spender, who is an Englishman, some sentences of Benjamin Disraeli's in his novel "Coningsby":

> It is an age of social disorganization. . . . It is not in the increased feebleness of its institutions that I see the peril of England; it is in the decline of its character as a community. . . . Rely upon it, that England should think more of the community and less of the government. . . . There is no error so vulgar as to believe that revolutions are occasioned by economical causes.

Parochial Messiah

FOOL'S MELODY. By the Author of "Miss Tiverton Goes Out" and Michael Cape-Meadows. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

THE persistently anonymous lady-author who made her American debut some ten years ago with "Miss Tiverton Goes Out" has produced a lengthy new novel, this time with a collaborator. Her earlier books were successful and penetrating character studies, not very important, perhaps, but of interest to anyone requiring a modicum of good writing with his dose of psychology. Nearly all of them depicted a sensitive young girl in revolt against the tyranny of an uncongenial family and surroundings. The strongest element in their composition was the vigor and accuracy with which the Philistines were pilloried. While "Fool's Melody" is fuller in plot than these books, and more ambitious in implications, its viewpoint is the same, with the author's savagery unfortunately somewhat tempered by the years.

It is in effect the story of a parochial Messiah, a musician hovering on the verge of madness, who influences the people about him to realize something of their finer possibilities. The other characters are represented as firmly rooted materialists, most of whom believe him a harmless lunatic. One, a servant, keeps faith and assists in the eventual triumph of his "unworldly wisdom." Owing perhaps to collaboration, the narrative proceeds in arbitrary fashion at times, and in spite of three deaths and a brace of marriages leaves many problems unsolved at the end. Nor is the metaphysical element, necessarily so important in such a story, particularly well handled. The hero, in fact, remains an ambiguous personage: though his function is clear enough, the authors are unable to carry off the difficult job of making him believable. As a result the whole book is lost in a vague No Man's Land somewhere between fantasy and acceptable philosophy. Oversentimental in spots, it nevertheless contains some excellent writing in a precise, analytical, slightly academic vein. If "Fool's Melody" is not a complete success, it is at least a brave attempt to treat high matters, and is worthy of study.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

Gilbert and Sullivan

"Their foe was folly, and their weapon wit"
(For the Gilbert and Sullivan Festival at Wesleyan University)

WHO cleaned the tortoise with a scoop
By that experiment empiric
Not only had his turtle soup
But used the empty shell for lyric.

The world's tough carapace of bone
Is still just thick enough, and hollow
To render perfect tune and tone
For the devices of Apollo.

Between its horny armatures
Of heavy tortoise, slug and stupid,
A double counterpoint endures:
As old as Art, as young as Cupid.

O Gemini of clef and stave,
Who quarreled, and were proud as Phaon—
His whiskered godsons, the god gave
A bony instrument to play on!

Small Wares. II

We spoke of the idea of using manuscript sheets as a lampshade. That reminds me of a fine old study-lamp, with green glass canopy and nickel oil-cylinder, the admiration of my early childhood. It was my father's study-lamp and I regarded it with great reverence; by its light, I knew, he performed the orisons of mathematics. It was a matter of high importance that it be justly filled and trimmed; so much so that if the maid was inept my mother often did this herself, and I remember admiring her fine violinist's hands at the task. An interesting aroma of kerosene exhaled from this operation. It pleases me that I use an oil-stove for heating the Knothole, for the task of filling it also has that Smell of the Lamp—a phrase which can mean little to those reared entirely on electricity. The oloroso of kerosene will always have for me a suggestion of strong study.

But I meant, while we were along the shelves, to say something of a book given me some years ago by one of this Green's earliest patrons, Mr. Wilbur Macey Stone. He may well have wondered that I have never mentioned it, though it is a high spot among a valued assortment of works on the good life. *The Epicure's Almanack; or, Calendar of Good Living*, published in 1815; "A Directory to the Taverns, Coffee-houses, Inns, Eating-houses, and other Places of alimentary Resort in the British Metropolis." No small amount of social and literary history can be learned, or guessed, in the anonymous editor's notes. Did you suppose, as I did, that broccoli was quite a modern dish? It is listed here, at 6*d*., on the menu at Pagliano's, an Italian house esteemed at the time. The dishes cooked and sold along the pavements of humbler streets were "hot soup, baked faggots, grey peas boiled, and peas-pudding." Faggots, a favorite dish of poor George Gissing, were a baked patty of chopped liver. How exciting (at Chalk Farm near Primrose Hill) to come upon "a stock of milch cows for the supply of milk for syllabubs." (Syllabub, I think, was a kind of whip of milk and wine; whether hot or cold I know not. Something like zabaglione, perhaps? It was a syllabub of "verjuice" that the singing milk-maid promised the Compleat Angler.)

MILKMAID CUP, TIME OF CHARLES II. (*Wine Trade Exhibition, London, 1933.*)

It is interesting to look up the Epicure's comments on inns that were famous in 1815; equally interesting to hear of places that were soon to be famous and didn't guess it. The *Salutation*, so often and affectionately recalled by Lamb, where he and Coleridge sat in the "nice little smoky room with pipes, tobacco, egg-hot, welsh-rabbit, metaphysics, and poetry" was evidently a quite humble place. Of the *Cock*, near Temple Bar, soon to be frequented by Alfred Tennyson, we learn "it has the best porter in London, fine poached eggs, and other light things . . . one box at the end of the room is occupied by a knot of sages, who admit strangers into their fraternity on being presented with a crown bowl of punch." It is not the *Cheshire Cheese* but the *Mitre* that recalls Doctor Johnson's memory to the Epicure. But even in 1815 the Cheese was in high favor: "So great is the afflux of diners to this house, between noon and six in the evening, that many persons order their dinner an hour or two beforehand, go out to transact business, and then on returning, their dinner is instantly served up smoking. The brandy, rum, and rack, vulgarly called gin, of this house, are pure and genuine."

What these dinners were like any reader of Dickens can pretty well guess; or even anyone who sat three years at an Oxford table near a hundred years later. Epicure quotes with relish a meal so supremely British that I dare say it was being served about that time to Bonaparte on his way to St. Helena—the first horror of his downfall—

Boiled fish (skate)
Stewed rump steak and turnips
Bread and porter

Epicure is proud that the butcher shops of London are "the wonder and admiration of all foreigners. The delightful order in which they are set out, are such that they resemble rather the dissecting-room of a lecturer on anatomy than the shambles of a butcher." He particularly commends the shop of (appropriately) Messrs. Giblet and Son as "in the highest degree exemplary." By the way, among his list of what were then called "Italian warehouses" Epicure mentions the excellent name of Fortnum. I wish he could have lived long enough to enjoy that high-spirited catalogue-book (1930) of Fortnum and Mason, called *Let's Forget Business*. One humorous boast in the latter I always remember: of the size and tenderness of their asparagus, "We do not *cut* it. We *fell* it. White as a debutante's shoulders." Or perhaps the picture of "The Nobleman who preferred wearing our Prawns in Aspic to his own Coronet."

When, I suddenly wonder, did the sacred Brussels Sprout come to England? I see no mention of it in this book. Was that also one of the conquests of Waterloo?

The favorite tavern of the booksellers, Epicure tells us, was the *Chapter Coffee-House*, just off Paternoster Row. "This place may be considered as a repository of food for the mind, as well as of the body. Here are daily found and filed all the British newspapers, and the most considerable monthly journals. The usual refreshments served in this house are tea, coffee, chocolate, with muffin, toast, and pure butter, the best of wines and foreign spirits." The booksellers were temperate fellows in those days. Rather different are the Thames-side houses, such as the *Town of Ramsgate* (which I think I visited once with H. M. T.) and the *Subterranean Tap and Gin Dispensatory*, "frequented by sailors of every nation, and by lady abbesses and nuns from

(*Continued on next page*)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The American Santayana

(*Continued from page 4*)

own temperament. Thoreau would have given him many texts for this, but he would have given him matter for a new argument also. "To understand oneself is the classic form of consolation," Santayana says. The classicist is content to understand and endure the great problems, the romanticist must transcend or reform them. But Thoreau was a perfect example of the native New Englander who was also a good American and a convinced transcendentalist, on his way toward a classic ideal. Impatient of the materialist drive which he felt to be not so much material as irrelevant to and wasteful of the true purpose of living, he also, like Emerson, escaped into nature, but soon found himself deromanticized by the necessity of understanding. Other transcendentalists might sail upwards in the fancy on clouds whose name and origin they did not understand; he was determined to learn what the material universe was like before he defined those spiritual correspondences which he was confident were the ultimate reality. If he had lived long enough he might have satisfied Santayana's definition of a classic intellect whose consolation for not understanding all, was self-knowledge, which carried with it a full comprehension of the existing relations between nature and man.

Santayana, also, is such a relative classicist, an American deeply sympathetic with the essential kindness of human nature as it has been shaped here, a man of good will himself, tirelessly searching both the cause and the frustrations of good will in others, one bred, like Thoreau, by the circumstances of the American scene, in harmony with its essence, but not content to stop with a gesture of worship toward the infinite possibilities of good. When our history comes into tighter perspective he will be seen to belong with William James in the sequence of vital American thought that includes the great New Englanders of two generations before. He is the sympathetic and thoroughly domiciled European who, properly evaluating both our good will and the shallow soil from which it springs, accepts its limitations, and believes in a future which can be realized if (unlike Oliver's) our confidence in moral progress is strong enough and truly based upon the facts of our environment. By his insistence upon the vitality of industrial, energetic, power-seeking America, and its necessary part in any equation which represents a fertile life, Santayana breaks through the stale tradition of American orthodoxy into a sincerity and a vigor which lies to the headward of Whitman and to the heartward of Thoreau. He sees "the possibility of physical and moral health on [the plebeian] plane, and pursue[s] it. That is true morality." And good Americanism also. "When the senses are sharp, as they are in the American, they are already . . . a joy in themselves; and when the heart is warm, like his, and eager to be just, its ideal destiny can hardly be doubtful. It will not be always merely pumping and working; time and its own pulses will lend it wings." That is the conclusion of "Character and Opinion in the United States," the optimism of a Latin mind become a citizen of these States.

The Bowling Green

(*Continued from preceding page*)

St. Catherine's, with eyes of every hue. Stillness is certainly not among the characteristics of this retreat." The *Belle Sauvage* (the publishing house of Cassell still uses the fair savage as its trademark) is interesting to Epicure because it is "within the rules of the Fleet Prison." Which I take to mean that those in gaol for debt had exeat as far as Belle Sauvage for dining purposes, if in funds. "The old sign of a savage, with a bell in his hand, is pulled down; but the proper sign of a beautiful wild nymph, hath not hitherto been substituted. Numbers, however, of nymphs of that description do nightly haunt the purlieus of Ludgate Hill."

I thought from Epicure's index that the *Philosophical Kitchen Range*, 47 Ludgate Hill, was a delightful name for a pub. But on examination it proves to be a special improved cooking stove with steam chambers for keeping "viands" hot.

The good old *George* in Southwark (which I have often mentioned in this Green) is respectfully mentioned, as also the *White Hart* where Sam Weller was presently to be born. Of another Dickensian hotel Epicure says "Perhaps there could not be named another house in the known world so generally known as the *Golden Cross*." This, in 1815, was the Golden Cross soon to be familiar to Dickens, but not the building we now see opposite Charing Cross railway station. The original Golden Cross, I believe, stood in what is now Trafalgar Square. So did, within my own memory, a solid Victorian hotel named *Morley's;* of austere repute in its day. I remember that old Dooner, hotel-keeper in Philadelphia, kept in his lobby a photograph of Morley's as his ideal of a respectable hostel. I find no trace of it in Epicure unless the *British*, owned by "Messrs. Morley," was a forerunner. Of the British we read, with satisfaction, "one of the oldest taverns in London. Its eatables and drinkables have been too long and too judiciously tasted to need any commendation from us. The excellence of its wines is almost proverbial. Messrs. Morley, the hosts, with the laudable design of accommodating families as well as single gentlemen, have of late greatly extended their premises."

There must have been some patrons who were not always judicious. What was 1815's remedy for the mouth that "tastes like a street-car strap-handle in a mining town"? According to Epicure the morning penitent went to Debatt's pastry shop in the Poultry. Here "he who has sacrificed too liberally to the jolly god, may allay the fervency of his devotion by copious draughts of capillaire, spruce, soda, orgeat, or lemonade." Orgeat, we know, was barley water; but what was capillaire? That puzzled Wilbur Stone too, when he read the book. Spruce beer is a surprise. And what was "rizzod haddock"? It was a specialty at the *Africa and Senegal Tavern* on Cornhill.

It is difficult for one who has not been in London for some years to recall how many of Epicure's commended houses are still doing business: surprisingly many, I think. The *Grecian* in Devereux Court I well remember, with its pewter bar. Red Lion Passage I visualize by a bookshop there, but do not know whether it still houses the *Queen's Arms*, of which Epicure quotes "Où peut-on être mieux, than in the Queen's Arms?" I like his suggestion that we drop in at Evett's in the same passage, "to purchase ham by the pound, and by way of being economical, you may put the slices thereof between the two crusts of a quartern loaf, and carry them away cool in a couple of cabbage leaves."

As I say, much incidental information transpires in a book of this sort. When you went to Scotland by sea in 1815 you travelled in a "smack," bespeaking accommodation beforehand near the docks, at the *Cock and Lion*, the *Duke of Argyle* (which had a billiard table) or the *Ship and Pilot*. When you ordered chicken you called it a "barn-door fowl." The joke on the *Barley Mow* pub was the slowness of the waiters, which caused this rhyme:—

All is good that here they cater
But each guest is himself the waiter—

which wouldn't be a bad slogan for the cafeterias and automats today. Among more high-toned resorts, the listing of *White's, Brookes's, Boodle's* and the *Cocoa Tree* take us back to the age of Anne. Epicure also speaks of *Grillon's Hotel*, which I think survives as a private dining club? I seem to remember in someone's memoirs the quotation of some comically snob remarks made by old Asquith about American writers, during dinner at Grillon's.

And after a couple of hours this barmecide reading begins to pall. So much boiled beef, rump steak, "small buttocks" and "foaming porter" becomes unbearable. I am something more allured by Mr. C. Williams, host of the *White Lion* in Gracechurch Street—"the fine perfume of the hops in his Shropshire ale acts on the olfactories like a veritable nosegay." But warm weather will soon be here: what do you say to a julep?

P. S. The Editor says we have five more lines to fill. We went to Grand Central to buy a ticket to Boston, and found two adjoining barred windows occupied by Mr. Cage and Mr. Coyne.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"READERS ARE WARNED...

says DR. GOGARTY

(No single lines can do justice to the sparkle of Gogarty's dialogue or the mischievous high spirits of the talks with which this book is filled. But the following brief quotations may serve as suggestive samplings.)

»

"The names in this book are real, the characters fictitious."

»

"Mr. De Valera marched on London at the head of 25,000 words."

»

"Three great inventions came from Ireland—the invention of soda water whereby whiskey outdoes champagne, the invention of the pneumatic tyre to which is due the evolution of an engine to scale the blue, and the invention of the system whereby disease is made to support patient, nurse and doctor, and horses to carry hospitals!"

»

"In spite of the Englishman's faith in one medicine for many unseen and unknown diseases, he cannot accept miracles; he burks at the infallibility of the Pope, but unquestioningly accepts the infallibility of the pill."

»

"Michael Collins beat the English in the game they chose to adopt at a time of great stress: England's extremity was his opportunity. He kicked it hard."

»

"There is no such thing as a *large* whiskey."—Dr. Tyrrell.

»

"The worst thing about him," as Yeats said of a colleague, "is that when he is not drunk, he is sober."

»

"No one in Ireland knows Irish history. So we are suffering from a nightmare culture of imaginary Gaels."

»

"Talking of ashes and Unknown Soldiers, Monty got a good one in today. When the Bailey reminded his wife, whose eloquence is well-sustained, that they were twenty-three years married, she asked, 'How do you propose to celebrate the anniversary?'—'By three minutes' silence.' "

»

"Susan Mitchell sensed something lacking. Women are like that. She wrote 'Some men kiss and do not tell, some kiss and tell; but George Moore told and did not kiss.' "

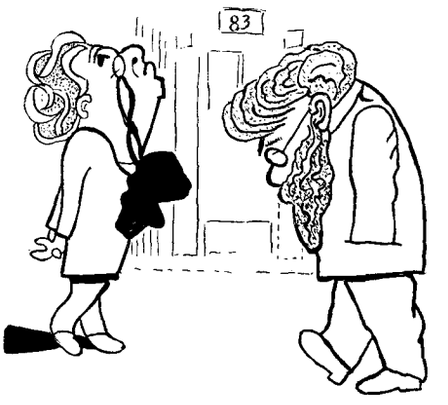
»

"Irishmen like to be melancholy. It is the national pastime to brood full of black bile. I remembered the dark figures in the Connemara pub. Even their drink is black! They chew on melancholy as a cow on the cud."

to hang on to their hats!"

How the Poets Passed

The story is told in Dublin that W. B. Yeats and George Russell ("AE") set out respectively from 82 and 84 Merrion Square to see each other—and passed at 83! This shows how it happened.



During the first third of this century Oliver Gogarty—doctor, senator, poet and wit—has flashed and shimmered in grey Dublin. He was the Buck Mulligan of James Joyce's *Ulysses*. Now he has put himself on paper in this "imperishable document."

"An original and daring portrait of a man, a city and a nation. . . . 'A phantasy in fact' has replaced a legend, an extraordinary Irishman has written an extraordinary book."—*New York Times Book Review.*

"An unmistakably three-dimensioned figure, as live as a high-tension line, as individual as an Irishman. *As I Was Going Down Sackville Street* (the line is from a bawdy ballad) is not patterned in the ordinary staid manner. Not only by the title but by the book's motto ("We Irishmen are apt to think something and nothing are near neighbors") and the author's note ("The names in this book are real, the characters fictitious") readers are warned to hang on to their hats."—*Time.*

"He is the G. K. Chesterton of Ireland . . . It is a *fauve* that leaps, cavorts and snarls in these pages. Fierce, gorgeously witty, learned is this Gogarty."—*The New Yorker.*

"This magnificent transference of Gogarty's talk is an accomplishment which alone places his book among the precious few of its very special kind. . . . It is a vigorous book, often beautiful, and full of subtly flashing wit."—*Saturday Review.*

by Oliver St. John Gogarty

As I Was Going Down Sackville Street

JUST OUT . . . $3.50 ILLUSTRATED

REYNAL & HITCHCOCK . NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Art of the Night

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

THE question of the affable Mr. Noel Coward's status as a dramatist comes before the meeting today if for no other reason than the circumstance that his recently published autobiography and a collection of his plays in one volume, which has been offered to the trade with all the impressive gravity of a Nobel prize winner's, are somewhat inordinately engaging otherwise literary-bent portions of the daily and periodical press.

Just what, in the cool appraisal of any sound critical eye, is this Mr. Coward's position in the art of the drama? It seems to me that his position is that of an extremely fertile and unusually clever parlor entertainer, no more and surely no less. In the concoction of humorous trifles he is as skillful a hand as we have in the present-day English-speaking theatre. In the French theatre, Sacha Guitry is immeasurably his superior in every way in such matters; the two cannot even remotely be compared. And in the Austro-Hungarian theatre, Ferenz Molnar, when he goes in for the more trifling comedy, so far outdistances him that he remains only faintly visible to the critical telescope. But on the stage that uses the English language (often to the embarrassment of many of its actors) he has few competitors—now that such genuinely talented and vastly more important fellows as Maugham have retired—when it comes to the craft of fabricating light and easy dramatic diversion.

Beyond this, however, Mr. Coward has thus far indicated nothing. When he has essayed, in such full-length plays as "The Vortex," "Post-Mortem," and "Point Valaine" and in such shorter exhibits as "The Astonished Heart" and "Still Life" to dig somewhat deeper into the dramatic mine and to ferret out the profounder thoughts, emotions, and reactions of men and women, he has uniformly revealed himself to be little more than a baffled and, truth to tell, rather ridiculous amateur. His ability is the ability deftly to scratch the surface of the pretty icing that covers the pastry of fashionable humanity and to ejaculate, sometimes wittily, sometimes with an air of assiduous indifference, but always with charming manners, the surprising news that what is under the icing is really just pastry, and rather sweetly nauseating pastry at that, and not the "Novum Organum" or a layer of priceless rubies.

Writes the acute and discerning Mr. St. John Ervine of him in an otherwise highly sympathetic review of his autobiography in the London *Observer*:

> I am amazed and disturbed at the slenderness of his intellectual resources. If we had no other knowledge of him than is contained in this book, we might well wonder whether he had ever read a great book, seen a fine picture or a notable play, listened to music of worth, observed a piece of sculpture, or taken any interest in even the commonplaces of a cultured man's life. His entire existence has been spent in a corner of the theatre, remote from the general contacts of everyday life. His political, social, and religious interests are negligible or non-existent. In his childhood, during which, because of his erratic temperament, he received an exiguous education, he seemed aware only of musical comedies. . . . That, apparently, was the extent of the culture his home had to offer him.

What Mr. Ervine writes is clearly reflected in Mr. Coward's plays. One and all, light or attemptedly serious, they give off little but the cigarette smoke of cozy-corner philosophy, the superficial observations of a man who has gracefully gone through life on grease-paint roller skates, the point of view of a writer whose mind and heart have mingled chiefly with the people of the fashionable theatre and with that theatre's hangers-on. Never in any of his plays, even in the best of the comedies, is there the slenderest trace of a culture that has edged below that of a gay dinner party conversation, of a knowledge that has dug deeper than information about the appointments of the great ocean liners, the service at the Ritz, and the peregrinations of the Duke of Westminster, of a heart that has beaten quickly at the sound of something more important than a new paraphrase of an old Viennese waltz or the recollection of a bygone stage beauty, of an emotional reaction more profound and more beautiful than that engendered by the memory of an attack of dysentery in Saigon or in Bali. It is all very bright and it is all very clever, but it is all fluff.

Mr. Coward, perhaps more than any other younger writer for the English-speaking stage, has been spoiled and led astray by his critics. It is the puzzling habit of so many critics of the drama to imagine that a writer as demonstratedly successful in facile drawing-room comedy as Mr. Coward must have in him infinitely deeper resources, which need only a sudden decision on his part to be brought to flower. These critics have encouraged in Mr. Coward both a false sense of importance and an impulse to confect the kind of drama for which he seemingly has neither the equipment nor the talent. They have induced him occasionally to depart from the species of light theatrical composition at which he is so able and to essay drama that is nowhere within his competence. For, as I have noted, when he leaves off observing men and women dressed by Molyneux and Hawes and Curtis and begins to observe men and women undressed by natural emotion and baring their innermost thoughts and hearts he reveals himself in the humorous light of a small child in a nursery decorated with friezes of Oscar Wilde, Elinor Glyn, Sigmund Freud's first girl, and Seymour Hicks's valet.

It is entirely possible, of course, that in the years to come Mr. Coward may justify his believing critics' faith. This is a surprising world, and anything may happen. But, while no critic hopes more than I that he may, an arctic and impersonal scrutiny of his work up until now discloses no particular encouragement that he will. He will undoubtedly continue to write pleasant and polite and very amusing little comedies, but if he has it in him, either presently or in the future, to write really important drama he has not yet given us the necessary sign.

A Novel of the Remaking of a Man..
A story—written by a doctor about an actual case—of one woman's craving for abysmal, primitive surrender, and one man's awakened lust for brutal conquest—and how out of these emotions came the mature love that makes people more like human beings.
THE SPECTACLE OF A MAN
By JOHN COIGNARD
JEFFERSON HOUSE
$2.50

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 159)

S. McC. CROTHERS—
"THE MODERN ESSAY."

I have on my table a new kind of paste which was recommended to me at the stationery store. On the bottle is the statement, "Always ready for use. Sticks best when spread thin."

It is so also with good advice.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Victorian Frame

PORTRAIT OF AN AGE. By G. M. Young. New York: Oxford University Press. 1937. $3.

Reviewed by JOSEPH T. CURTISS

THE England of Oliver Twist had little in common with the England of Dorian Gray, and mere accident gives to the Victorian Age a specious homogeneity which it would otherwise never have possessed. Had Victoria died in 1861 instead of Albert, and Edward VII in 1871, as he almost did, England would have enjoyed before the turn of the century a Regency, the reign of the Duke of Clarence, and some eight years of a youthful George V. How apparent then would be all the contrasts between these dissimilar periods, and how few would seek to tie these reigns together into an organic whole.

Yet this is what G. M. Young attempts to do in an interesting but at times irritatingly written book, which is really a long essay, expanding his chapter of the book "Early Victorian England" to cover the entire reign. The difficulty of finding any unity in the period is something which he fully recognizes, and he himself raises the question: "By what marks are we to know these Victorians?" In answer he can think of only two, an unfailing faith in Representative Institutions and in the Family. Now it is very obvious that under Victoria England and its inhabitants changed more than they had ever changed before in thrice the same number of years. Mr. Pickwick would have been as bewildered in the London of Sidney Webb's County Council as would Samuel Pepys, and Bishop Burnet could have been scarcely more shocked at the ideas of Sir James Frazer than would Sidney Smith. Mr. Young calls his book the "Portrait of an Age," but it is the portrait of several ages.

To paint a portrait one must choose some style or manner of painting; Mr. Young chose the impressionistic. One does not like to cavil at a book which is ably done and full of sound ideas, but the total effect is blurred. He covers a great deal of ground, he is too honest a historian to sacrifice truth to clarity, and so he leaves half-said much which merits further treatment. Some of his most interesting ideas are tucked into footnotes. Speaking of modern imperialism, for example, he remarks that the common notion that Disraeli was responsible for this movement is untrue. The imperialism of Chamberlain, with which, as Mr. Young might have added, Sidney Webb and the Fabians had no little sympathy, had nothing in common with the romantic imperialism of Disraeli. The white man's burden was an air of which Disraeli did not know the notes. It was Dilke who first stated the new ideas.

Nevertheless this is a book which one can read with pleasure and profit, and it might be said that there is one theme which ties everything together. It is Mr. Young's unstinted admiration for the sturdy qualities, intellectual and moral, of his beloved Victorians.

Joseph T. Curtiss is on the staff of Yale University.

Siegfried Sassoon

is a member of the great Anglo-Indian Sassoon family whose roots go back to 16th century Bagdad, and whose famous sons include Sir Philip Sassoon, author of *The Second Route*, Sir Victor Sassoon, the financier, and Sir Albert Sassoon, one of the wealthiest of Indian merchant princes.

In 1926, Siegfried Sassoon sat down to write his autobiography. He intended not to make it the usual external autobiography of dates, places, people, but a sort of biography of mind and thought, of the wellsprings of action as well as of the actions themselves. It was to be in three volumes. Sassoon explained, when *Memoirs of a Fox-hunting Man* was first published anonymously, "This is fiction, but with a difference—for the author has himself lived the life of his hero, Sherston."

This book took the reading world of England and America by storm. It was awarded both the James Tait-Black Memorial Prize and the Hawthornden Prize. It told in simple and lucid prose the story of a boy growing into manhood in the English countryside, the excitement of the chase, the still, brooding atmosphere of the days before 1914.

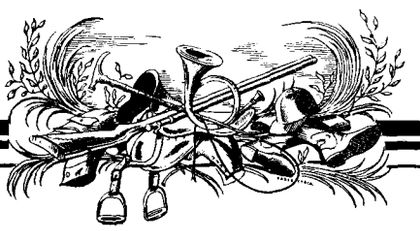
Then came *Memoirs of an Infantry Officer*, one of the greatest individual books written about the War, which describes with tragic precision the transition from green fields to the shell-strewn trenches of France. That book ended on the keynote of war's futility, when Sherston, sick of the wastage of war, refused to fight any longer

And finally, in *Sherston's Progress*, came the final chapter, the winding up of all the threads of a life into a compact picture of a human being.

And now for the first time the three titles are brought together in the unity for which they were originally designed, as one book enormous in scope, deep in its interest, full of action and excitement—inspiration—and inner life.

HARRY HANSEN says in the N. Y. *World-Telegram:* "It is surprising how a man's work gains in power and stature when it is grouped together instead of being spread over a period of years. The reader will go through these stories with relish because they are so thoroughly human."

943 pages, $3.00
DOUBLEDAY, DORAN



THE MEMOIRS OF GEORGE SHERSTON

by SIEGFRIED SASSOON

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ANNOUNCING A LIMITED EDITION OF

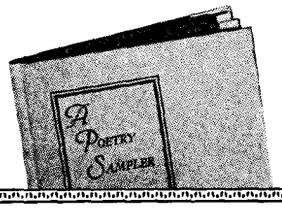
A Poetry Sampler

Containing one complete poem from each of 24 contemporary American poets

TO introduce the latest work of a group of distinguished American poets we have prepared an attractive poetry sampler. It contains one complete poem by each poet, is handsomely printed and bound in boards, and makes an attractive addition to any library. Among the poets represented are *Stephen Vincent Benét, Frances Frost, Archibald MacLeish, Edgar Lee Masters, Ezra Pound,* etc.

While they last 25c *post paid*

FARRAR & RINEHART
232 Madison Ave., N. Y.



STÉPHANE MALLARMÉ POEMS

Translated by Roger Fry
With Commentaries by Charles Mauron

These poems of the first of the symbolist poets will be a source of inspiration to poets today as well as of utmost value to those interested in the work of Mallarmé. The authoritative original text of each poem is given, with the translation on the opposite page, together with a detailed commentary on each poem and a critical introduction. 350 pages. $3.00

POETRY IN PROSE

by Walter de la Mare

The Annual Warton Lecture on English Poetry. $1.25

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
114 Fifth Avenue, New York

The Clearing House

CONDUCTED BY AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be directed to Miss Loveman, in care of The Saturday Review.

A BALANCED RATION FOR A WEEK'S READING

THE LOVE CHILD. By Edith Olivier. *Viking.*

THE LADY. By Emily James Putnam. *Putnams.*

IT WAS THE NIGHTINGALE. By Ford Madox Ford. *Lippincott.*

A Literary Pilgrimage

M. K. of Easton, Pa., *is preparing for a trip to Europe this coming summer which is to embrace Italy, Switzerland, Germany, France, Belgium, Holland, and England. During the course of his journeyings he wishes particularly to visit libraries, literary shrines, etc., and to search out the locale of famous books. He asks for the names of books that will be of help in setting his course.*

THE Baedeker (Scribners) and Muirhead (Macmillan) guides, of course, are invaluable in planning a trip of any sort, for woven into the great mass of their information is reference to literary landmarks of all kinds. But I take it that what M. K. has in mind is volumes which lay special stress on sections and places with literary associations, and I have therefore assembled a list of works which give rather more space to such matters than the average book of travel. There is a book, for instance, by Edwin Robert Petre, entitled SHRINES OF THE GREAT IN EUROPE (Funk & Wagnalls) which should serve as a good method of orienting the literary traveller, and another, by Hélène A. Guerber, called HOW TO PREPARE FOR EUROPE (Dodd, Mead), which is a useful handbook containing historical, literary, and artistic data. There is Arnold H. W. Lunn's SWITZERLAND: HER TOPOGRAPHICAL, HISTORICAL, AND LITERARY LANDMARKS (Farrar & Rinehart) which should be very helpful for that little republic, and Frances E. Sabin's CLASSICAL ASSOCIATIONS OF PLACES IN ITALY (The author, c/o Teachers College), a more scholarly study but one which might yield fruitful results even for the casual wayfarer. Hare's WALKS IN ROME (Dutton) has long been a favorite companion for the tourist in Rome, and such books as Edith Wharton's ITALIAN BACKGROUND (Scribners), Norman Douglas's ALONE (London: Chatto), and Maurice Hewlett's ROAD IN TUSCANY (Scribners), though not specific in their intent like the foregoing volumes are excellent works to read for general setting and delight. To them I should personally add Percy Lubbock's ROMAN PICTURES (Scribners), not because it makes reference to literary landmarks, or, for the matter of that, to particular places or buildings in Rome, but because it is such a charming volume of sketches and impressions of the Eternal City. For Germany Baedeker is the most convenient reference work, but it would be well to add to that indispensable companion Louis Untermeyer's BLUE RHINE, BLACK FOREST (Harcourt, Brace). Baedekers, too, are the best assistants for Belgium and Holland. As to France M. K. will find specially suited to his needs, George T. Edwards's OLD TIME PARIS (Dutton), Sisley Hudleston's IN AND ABOUT PARIS (Lippincott), and Arthur Bartlett Maurice's PARIS OF THE NOVELISTS (Doubleday, Page), now out of print but obtainable, I am sure, without much difficulty in libraries and second-hand shops. Were I to give it space in proportion to the material available on it, England would need a whole paragraph to itself, so many are the books on that country of specifically literary bearing. Of the many I select the following few: Frank Morley's RIVER THAMES (Harpers), Ernest H. Rann's HOMELAND OF ENGLISH AUTHORS (Dutton), and FAMOUS HOUSES AND LITERARY SHRINES OF LONDON (Dutton), by A. St. J. Adcock.

Oxford in Fact and Fiction

J. D. H. of Gulfport, Miss., *asks for a list of books about Oxford University. "The only one that I know," he says, "is* ZULEIKA DOBSON. *I am interested in both novels and factual material. 'The home of lost causes' somehow fascinates me."*

By his last sentence J. D. H. shows, of course, that he is familiar with that lovely peroration of Matthew Arnold in his ESSAYS IN CRITICISM which breathes the very essence of the university's romance and beauty. Probably he has forgotten Thomas Hughes's TOM BROWN AT OXFORD (Everyman's Library), which, though never as famous or popular as TOM BROWN AT RUGBY, has been and is still widely read and which gives a good picture of undergraduate activities. There have been many novels which took the university for background but most of them seem to have passed on to oblivion. THE ADVENTURES OF MR. VERDANT GREEN, AN OXFORD FRESHMAN, by "Cuthbert Bede," is still on the Dutton list, though its sequel seems to be out of print, as is Charles Kingsley's STRETTON which Longmans, Green once carried. This last house still retains in its active catalogue Cardinal Newman's LOSS AND GAIN, which is more of a Platonic dialogue than a novel, interesting particularly as revealing Newman's passage to Anglicanism. Christopher Morley has a hilarious tale called KATHLEEN (Doubleday, Doran) and not many years ago there appeared a clever satire by Hamish Miles entitled OXFORD CIRCUS. The latest of the novels to have Oxford for background, though its Oxford is that of the women, not the men, is Dorothy Sayers's GAUDY NIGHT (Harcourt, Brace), one of the Lord Peter Wimsey detective stories. General descriptions are C. E. Mallet's HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD (Longmans, Green), OXFORD OF TODAY (Oxford University Press), by L. A. Crosby and F. Aydelotte, and THE GLAMOR OF OXFORD (Oxford), by W. A. Knight.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Russia in Retrospect

THE GREAT RUSSIAN REVOLUTION. By Victor Chernov. New Haven: Yale University Press. $5.

Reviewed by SIDNEY HOOK

OF the Russian Revolution, there is no dearth of accounts by the men and woman who played important roles in its drama. But particular interest attaches to this volume by Victor Chernov. Next to Kerensky, Chernov was the leading figure of the Social Revolutionary Party whose right wing controlled the Provisional government. In this history, written with skill, restraint, and an absence of personal rancor, Chernov undertakes to explain the course of the Russian Revolution.

If this book has a thesis it is that the organizational and programmatic weakness of the moderate parties, particularly Chernov's own, made it impossible for them to ride out the chaos produced by war, hunger, and disillusion, and so prepared the way for those who knew what they wanted and how to get it. Although Chernov gives credit to the political realism of his Bolshevik opponents, he contends that their success was due primarily to the errors of his political friends and associates. The Social Revolutionary Party from the first day of the Revolution to the last, was numerically the strongest political party in Russia. Why, then, Chernov inquires, did it play such a feeble part in guiding Russia's destiny? His answer runs that it was precisely because of its swollen size and its heterogeneous social composition that it could never achieve more than unity of phrases when unity of action was the most pressing of all things. It became a mass popular front party harboring factions ranging from extreme right, through center (Chernov), to a left which, later on, was to coöperate actively with the Bolsheviks. It was doomed, according to Chernov, by its absence of basic political principles.

The most surprising feature of the volume is Chernov's revelation of the program whose acceptance he vainly urged upon his party. For it now appears that Chernov was convinced that the Provisional Government was doomed unless it immediately gave land to the peasants, socialized basic industries, broke with the Cadets, and came to an understanding with Germany. It was in virtue of their open and militant advocacy of these proposals that the Bolsheviks ultimately acquired the majority in the Soviets. Although on occasions Chernov succeeded in getting his resolutions accepted he could make no headway against the unwillingness of Kerensky and the amorphous mass of new members and party functionaries to implement these resolutions by any action. In his attempt to strengthen a party unity which those who differed with him violated again and again, Chernov remained strangely quiet at crucial public occasions. He regularly abstained from voting and speaking for fear of creating further dissensions.

The moral of Chernov's analysis has a significance which far transcends his personal fate or the specific historical situation in Russia.

JUST PUBLISHED

BREAD AND A SWORD

a brilliant and penetrating novel of the plight of the creative artist in a mechanized world

$2.75 by Scribners

EVELYN SCOTT

THE GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS

BY LAURA THORNBOROUGH

THE first adequate guidebook for the national park that attracts more visitors than any other.

With maps and illustrations. $2.00

THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY - 393 Fourth Avenue · New York

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Compleat Collector

RARE BOOKS: CONDUCTED BY JOHN T. WINTERICH

In alternate weeks this Department is devoted to Fine Printing and is conducted by Carl Purington Rollins

Boring from Within

THEY are running a sale at the 4AG* this week which contains as high a potential voltage of arson, mayhem, and hari-kari as heart might desire. The famous Browning-Browning correspondence given to the world between 1929 and 1935, a first Baron Munchausen (Oxford, 1786), Jenner's "Inquiry into the Causes and Effects of the Variolae Vaccinae" (London, 1798), letters of Shelley and Kipling and Stevenson, a document whereon George Washington, with a splendid regard for the acquisitive itch of posterity, inscribed his name no fewer than twelve times—desiderata like these would lend distinction to any auction session.

Had this been the be-all of the business, the end-all had been well. But Lots 320 through 323 tell a different story. Here is Lot 320:

> POSTAGE STAMPS. United States 1869 issue 1c-90c, complete; all stamps in fine condition except the 15c type I which is slightly off centre and has lost a corner perforation. 1893 Columbian issue 1c to $5.00—the high values quite nice, the 8c, 30c, 50c and $1.00 somewhat off centre. All the stamps are lightly cancelled. Catalogue value $224.
>
> The property of a Chicago lady. The descriptions of the above and the three following lots were written by Mr. Walter Scott.

A little more of that and phut goes the book business. The attempt to impart a literary aroma to the proceedings by having the descriptions written by Walter Scott will not befuddle the cognoscenti. Literary, forsooth, with his "centre" and "quite nice"! Is this Chipping Norton? Give the stamp people four entries today and tomorrow they will take the whole catalogue—as well sow moth eggs in your favorite ulster. By 1941, or 1942 at furthest, we shall be having this sort of thing:

> EXTRAORDINARY! FANTASTIC!! DEVASTATING!!! Big stamp sale at the United States Envelope Association Galleries, Philatelphia, next Thursday! Austria Birthday set complete; Cayman Islands 1900-1907 1/2d-10sh, including rare surcharges; Leeward Islands 1902 issue; Newfoundland Cabot issue and Royal Family issue complete; Niger Coast, first three issues; Papua 1/2d-1sh; Rhodesia, 1901, 1909, 1910. SPECIAL ADDED ATTRACTION! After the main sale go slumming among the books! Shakespeare, First Folio, 1623, uncut; Milton, "Paradise Lost," 1667, first title-page, presentation copy from the author to King Charles II; Whitman, "Leaves of Grass," 1855, Abraham Lincoln's copy, with his signature on title and racy marginal comments throughout. BRING THE KIDDIES!

Catalogues and Notes

The bulkiest catalogue of the year to date comes from the shop of James A. Williams, 122 South 18th Street, Philadelphia. It is devoted to Americana, is a half-inch thick, contains 252 pages plus extras, and lists 2086 lots from John Adams to John Peter Zenger. (There have been more copious offerings out of Philadelphia. Mr. Williams's No. 22—anybody's for $4—is John Pennington's "Catalogue of Curious, Valuable and Useful Books," issuing from 10 South Fifth Street in 1849, with 5000 entries.) Included in the Williams catalogue are two unique Franklin imprints and the most extensive collection of Pennsylvania-German material ever offered for sale—nearly 200 units. The Compleat Collector's curiosity is aroused by this stipulation: "All items (except genealogies) can be returned, if unsatisfactory for any reason, within three days of their receipt." Why this stricture? Are genetic arborealists mere egg-suckers? Mr. Williams is offered the freedom of this department if he cares to explain. Meanwhile the Bromwells, the Fites, the Mickleys, the Searights, and the Zartmans ($3.50, $8.50, $3, $3.50, and $10) are going to be pretty mad.

"I think that I lost thousands of readers by calling my little autobiography 'The Story of a Bad Boy.' I know that it has been excluded from several Sunday school libraries simply on account of the title. To be sure it has *attracted* a great many persons; but I might have had both classes of readers. If I had the book to name over again, I should call it something else—'The Story of a Real Boy,' for example. The thing sells right along just the *same*." Thus Thomas Bailey Aldrich in 1893, in adequate disproof of the thesis that second thoughts are best. The letter embodying this self-criticism is listed in the catalogue of the library of the late Speaker Henry T. Rainey, recently scheduled for sale by Chicago Book & Art Auctions.

* American Art Association Anderson Galleries, Inc. Try that on your check-book.

Guaranteed Original Folio Leaves of first issue King James Bible

THE scarce "Great He" Bible, 1611—noblest monument of English prose. Printed in Black Letter, 16" x 11". Suitable for framing. $2.50 each. RUMBALL-PETRE, Sole World Dealer exclusively handling Rare Bibles, 507 Fifth Ave., New York.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
DEAD RECKONING *Bruce Hamilton* (Simon & Schuster: $2.)	English dentist cleverly kills crippled wife for love of buxom divorcee and kills again for sake of safety, but. . . .	Harrowing picture of calmly premeditated murder, its execution, the inevitable slip—all beautifully done.	Gr-ripping
THE RED BOX *Rex Stout* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Poisoned candy gets wrong victim in N. Y. dress shoppe, but two more die before Nero Wolfe and Stooge Goodwin mop up.	Plot plays variations on ancient device, and book shows a few signs of carelessness, but Wolfe is still unbeatable.	Don't miss it
MURDER MAKES MURDER *H. Ashbrook* (Coward-McCann: $2.)	Bride-to-be and 2 others die on lonely Hallett island and Spike Tracy takes a week to solve slaughter.	Specters of tragic past tend to trip up actors of present; otherwise consistently dramatic yarn with literary overtones.	Commendable
THE CASE OF THE DANGEROUS DOWAGER *Erle Stanley Gardner* (Morrow: $2.)	Gambling-ship proprietor slain. P. Mason, retained by cigar-smoking old lady, saves family honor and finesses killer into confession.	All customary ingredients of Mason yarns with some sextuple double-crossing and rapidly shifting plot that glues eyes to pages.	1 Notch above Top
THE CLUE OF THE SILVER CELLAR *Miles Burton* (Crime Club: $2.)	Shred of fur on locomotive starts case that involves Insp. Arnold, Desmond Merrion, and vast amount of superior sleuthing.	If reader can stand suspense of cadaver that doesn't show up until next to last chapter this is regal fare.	Superb
THE AFFAIR OF THE SCARLET CRAB *Clifford Knight* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Death dogs party of scientists on trip to Galapagos but observant amateur, via castaway and friendly crustacean, spots killer.	Shipboard scenes convincing, dramatic, and eventful; island stuff brilliantly colorful; solution completely surprising.	Excellent

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

Biography

A LONG WAY FROM HOME. By Claude McKay. Furman. 1937. $3.

The incidents in this book are selected from Claude McKay's experiences and impressions during the past twenty years. Though the author is primarily a poet and consistently has been unwilling to ally himself with a cause in any role unsuited to his own needs and talents, his is an unusually interesting mind which has developed through contact with many of the problems which concern and stimulate the world today. Unavoidably, discriminations of race occupy much of his thoughts. He responds with no more bitterness, certainly, than the situation warrants, and without enough to warp his own personality, but with a forthrightness and clear-sightedness which are admirable and which should be useful.

Except in the Russian interlude, where Mr. McKay's associates were in the main concerned with the social order and political intrigues, the people met with are most frequently those interested in writing, Frank Harris, Elinor Wylie, H. G. Wells, Sinclair Lewis, Paul Robeson, Carl Van Vechten, and Shaw, and others equally interesting if less well known. Vincent Sheean's "Personal History" is a book with which this can well be compared. In each the author writes with charm, taste, and candor about the matters which engross him, and his intellectual stature grows with the experiences encountered, while the reader follows with pleasure and benefit.

One realizes, from this and other recent books by Negroes, that the hardships and injustices which the race has suffered have failed to unify them. Different groups have different goals, and those who aim in the same direction have little patience with the methods of their confrères. Claude McKay himself seems to have had more intellectual companionship and friendly welcome from the emancipated members of the white race than from those blacks who approximate his cultural advantages.

P. S.

ASPECTS OF WILDE. By Vincent O'Sullivan. Holt. $2.50.

Mr. O'Sullivan portrays Wilde neither as demon nor as saint. Personal acquaintance leads him to attack the notion that Wilde's later days, as "Sebastian Melmoth," were merely sordid or ignoble. For the real Wilde was a great personality, master of a wit all his own, and, pathology aside, "one of the clearest and most well-balanced minds of the time," as well as a man of loyalty, good-humor, charm, force. Wilde himself somberly declared, "I died in prison." But his personality survived Reading Gaol and lives on.

The sections of "Aspects of Wilde" are gossipy and discursive, being arranged like beads on a string, yet they produce a unity of impression. Though slight in substance, they remain entertaining even when they approach the trivial. In a style not always faultless but usually energetic, Mr. O'Sullivan has interwoven pleasant stories about his friend, analysis of the man and his work, *obiter dicta* on other writers, and characterization of contemporaries. The book is true to the Wilde saga. Not afraid of adding to that saga, the author well comments, "Something imaginary arises from the contemplation of the real which is far more nutritious than the real itself."

This book gives the best existing portrait of the later Wilde.

C. K. H.

Fiction

CENTRAL STANDARD TIME. By Harlan Hatcher. Farrar & Rinehart. 1937. $2.50.

Mr. Hatcher has made a conscientious attempt to present a Middle-Western city through the interweaving lives of its inhabitants. The intransigent industrialist, the unemployed with too many children, the girl who thought she wanted experience, are familiar types presented without originality. This novel brings the reader not an experience of life, but rather a reminiscence of many other books which have used similar material. The strike which is the central event of the story is handled in terms of an earlier generation, and has more relation to Galsworthy's "Strife" than to current events. "Central Standard Time" gives the impression of being an essayist's novel.

G. S.

RAINBOW FISH. By Ralph Bates. Dutton. 1937. $2.

No questions are asked, apparently, of men applying for work as sponge divers in the Greek archipelago. Upon this circumstance Mr. Bates has based the plot of his new novel. Half a dozen fugitives from justice of different nationalities and differing tastes in crime are isolated on a battered yacht in the Ægean, on their way to a new fishing ground. The yacht is sunk in a storm, but not before the author has told how and why these men have been reduced to the desperate situation in which the climax of the book finds them. Their case-histories are of varying length and interest, yet Mr. Bates has treated them all with the requisite insight and power. It is strong, often melodramatic stuff, but the characters are always something more than hardened criminals. Without sentimentality, the author reveals their human qualities, making of Skinner, the sea captain who has run his ship ashore for the insurance, of Freeth and Legge the murderers, and of Weisendonck, the Jewish swindler, really memorable creations.

His narrative methods are still unnecessarily willful at times—his prologue, indeed, seems designed expressly to mystify the reader with its complicated oblique dialogue. Nor does the body of the book, with its retracing of steps as each new character is introduced, move easily. It is only when all are gathered at Skarpa before the final tragedy that the story gathers force and conviction. Some of the writing is of an extremely high order. "Rainbow Fish" may not be numbered with the author's major works, but it has its moments, and leaves Mr. Bates secure in his position as one of the white hopes of the present-day British novel.

T. P., Jr.

Miscellaneous

INVITATION TO TRAVEL. By Helen Dean Fish. Washburn. 1937. $2.50.

Miss Fish is obviously a seasoned traveler of the highways through England, France, and Italy which she here describes so enthusiastically, and her book is the perfect gift for a woman going abroad, or rather for any woman whose first trip is limited to thirty days, who enjoys ready-made itineraries, and whose funds and courage are both somewhat less than moderate.

The author is a thorough guide to the sights and views of her preference, and conscientious in suggesting, from personal experience, which side of train or boat to travel on, and which hotel to single out. She herself chose not to approach too close to the Paris bookstalls or the famous Flea Market, or to trifle with "night-life," though she admits others may find these attractive.

Among the most interesting chapters, for the audience she has elected, are those on "Your Own Discoveries" (which you can check with various good guide books) and "Travel Reading."

H. D.

A BORZOI BOOK

says

Christopher Morley

"The effect of *Maurice Baring's* book HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO DECLARE? is that of walking 'round the library shelves, wine and cigars handy, with a host who has made reading a fine art for half a century. He has gone back through the memories and note-books of a lifetime of literary devotion; here he gives us, with quotation and shrewd gossip of the most jocund sort, a glimpse of his well-packed portmanteau."—*Book-of-the Month Club News.* $2.75

ALFRED·A·KNOPF

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

FOR SALE: Artist-Architect Creates Summer Studio Dream—6 rooms of rare charm, stone fireplace, completely equipped in the modern manner, for winter weekends or all year round use also, 1 hour from New York, on picturesque stream; swimming pool, tennis and handball courts on premises, golf, riding academies, children's playgroup available nearby; unparalleled for comfort and beauty. Call WIsconsin 7-4149 for appointment. Unusual value for quick sale.

COLLEGE GRADUATE, 23, good disposition, many interests, desires position as companion to woman travelling in Europe. Free June 15. 152 Beaumont Road, Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin.

YOUNG WOMAN desires friendly correspondence with gentleman 25-35. Box 947-B.

COLLEGE MAN, age 21, vaccinated against scrupulosity, desires correspondence with sedate young lady. Box 948-B.

FOR SALE—Farmhouse nearly one hundred years old for summer home. In White Mountains. Garden and 50 acres of woodland and brooks. Four bedrooms. About one-fourth mile from surfaced road. Price very reasonable. Photos and description sent. Box 949-B.

BUSINESS ASSISTANT—Young woman, college education, business experience, desires position offering future investment opportunity. Salary secondary. Box 950-B.

FOR RENT—Attractively furnished Adirondack lake-side camp. Six rooms, bath, garage, spacious piazzas, gorgeous view. Secluded, but easily accessible. $400 from May to November. Box 951-B.

PERSONABLE MALE, 40, desires correspondence with a radically-minded lady; older writers or teachers from Chicago preferred. Confidential. Box 952-B.

LET ME psycho-analyze your name in order to give you self-knowledge and power. Your full name given at birth required, also name you now use, with month, day and year of birth. One fee only, $1.00. My own unique method. Merlin, Box 931-B.

BROOKS ARE RUNNING, willows yellowing, birds winging north. Perchance there's one of conversational art (bordering fifty) whom Spring quickeneth, would exchange nature notes and literary lore with one enjoying walks afield . . . but, halt! . . . not tobacco-scented letters! Receptive Rhoda.

"HOW TO FIND ENGLAND"

Free on request

A BEAUTIFULLY illustrated 24-page descriptive catalogue designed for the Holiday maker and the visitor to England, containing a carefully chosen selection of

MAPS, GUIDES & BOOKS

essential to the enjoyment, both at the time and in retrospect, of England's Ancient Towns, Historic Buildings and famous beauty spots.

ALFRED WILSON
BOOKSELLERS LIMITED
155 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.
(One hundred yards from Victoria Sta.)

PERSONALS

PATRONS OF THE ARTS who have $2.50 will please buy William Saroyan's latest book "Three Times Three" ($3.50 for a limited, numbered, signed volume) from Conference Press, 10845 LeConte Avenue, Los Angeles, so that the youngest publishers in the country can put out Gertrude Stein's next book.

SUMMER RENTAL on Connecticut shore of Long Island Sound, unusual eighteenth century house which will appeal only to the discriminating. Newly remodeled, including Delco heat, insulation, modern kitchen equipment, all fresh paint. Garage, separate studio or play room, dining terrace, ample grounds. Tennis and private beach privileges. Social and financial references required. Excellent commuting forty-three miles to New York. Box 945-B.

PERSONABLE young man, art school graduate and university student, is interested in position teaching art or French in secondary school. Box 946-B.

YOUNG WOMAN residing east fifties desires tennis partner, play after 5 P. M. Box 946-B.

WHAT CAN I FIND for you in Australia and New Zealand (July, 1937-July, 1938): club paper material, recipes, research (M.A. Education and Economics), clippings, or else? Box 927-B.

SHY BACHELOR, middle thirties, college graduate, interested in books, theater, nature, travel, would welcome correspondence with a congenial young woman, Chicago or vicinity. Box 923-B.

YOUNG MAN, single, interested in serious writing, poetry, music and the art of living outside public opinions, seeks comradeship of another with similar tastes. Box 929-B.

SILVERMINE TAVERN AND GALLERIES, Norwalk, Conn. Tel. 2300. An old time country inn. One hour from N. Y. Booklet R on request.

FOR SALE: Charming eight-room studio cottage, ⅓ acre corner lot, garden, shrubbery, fruit-trees, roses, hydrangea hedge, two-car garage, five bedrooms, two fireplaces, bathroom, toilet, shower, gas, electricity, hot water. Three minutes to beach and yacht club. Eastern Point section, Gloucester, Massachusetts. $7,500 furnished. Terms. Apply T. Dennie Boardman, Manchester, Mass.

YOUNG AUTHOR, New Yorker, desires part-time work in a book shop, publishing house or private library. Salary secondary. Box 930-B.

DOES HUMANITARIANISM pulsate? Due to lengthy and unexpected reverses, doctor practising scientific care of the human body requires financial assistance to reopen office in New England. Box 953-B.

"DON'T SNORE"—Small gold device. Prevents snoring, mouth-breathing. $1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed. Circular free. D. K. Thaxly Company, Washington, D. C.

IS THERE A GIRL? Friendly, but fair. Bright but trustworthy. Broad in interests; free from narrow prejudice. Well educated, with or without college. Tolerant and sympathetic. Quite a girl! Mere man wonders—will she write! Box 916-B.

ITALY'S ADMIRERS. Express your kindly feelings in the special Italy's issue of "Columbus Magazine," 126 Fifth Avenue.

WANTED: To rent, June 1, one- or two-room cabin in the country, almost anywhere. Box 932-B.

MANHATTAN gentleman, fond of literature, music, the theatre, as well as of outdoor sports, congenial and good humored, should like to hear from cheerful young lady with similar tastes. His age? Serene 37. Box 933-B.

CLAUSTROPHOBES and all mainlanders of literary persuasion will enjoy Manhattan Island at and from Hotel Standish Hall which is ideally placed adjacent to Central Park and overlooks the spacious grounds of the American Museum of Natural History. You can get several rooms for what you would pay for one at many a midtown caravansary, and the atmosphere is one of comfort and content. Quiet nights conducive of rest and cheerful sunlit days distinguish its hospitality. Accommodations for short or long incumbency. Rooms by the day from $3.00. Furnished suites—parlor, bedroom, bath, and pantry or kitchenette—$6 to $7 a day. Weekly $35. Monthly $125. Kitchenettes have breakfast nooks, refrigerators and gas stoves for those who wish to practice their local cookery in New York. But there is a spacious dining room. Please identify yourself as an SRL reader when writing to Mr. John W. Heath, resident manager, for reservations. Hotel Standish Hall, 45 W. 81st St., New York City.

PERSONALS

YOUNG WOMAN, university and Teachers' College graduate, but with sense of humor, English major, wants job with somebody who's going places this summer. Can teach, write, collaborate, type, talk, drive, laugh, cook, mind the children, insulate from irritants, understand, appreciate and mind my own business. From standpoint dependability and adaptability I could conservatively be called a jewel. If I can travel salary no object, work no barrier. Box 934-B.

DO YOU NEED a good cook and housekeeper? Middle-aged, educated woman desires position as working housekeeper. Experienced in large and small families. Box 935-B.

SOUTHERN GIRL, 23, Radcliffe M. A. English, can type (but slowly), draw, paint, good at editing and organizing; wants work with reasonable freedom; inexperienced, but willing to learn anything. Box 936-B.

FEMININE B. A., languages, writing, theatre, typing; initiative, ideas, artistic, wants assist author, research, home assignments. Box 937-B.

SHY BACHELOR, liking books, music, Rubaiyat philosophy, wishes correspondence with tolerant woman. Box 938-B.

IS THERE a Mid-West female, thirtyish, idling in mountain west this summer? Box 939-B.

GRADUATE THIS JUNE, Deo Volunte, of leading Prep School, wishes summer position as companion-tutor. Golf, tennis, swimming. Intensely interested in literature. Writes. Box 940-B.

WANTED: Women to give lectures on cultural topics within easy radius of own homes. Box 941-B.

NEW YORKER, forty and single (Protestant), has gotten into an awful rut. Is there any one willing to help him out of it? Box 942-B.

CABIN, furnished, on New England lake, wanted by writer, July-August. Must have seclusion, accessibility, fish, possibilities as future basis of boys' camp, and no neighbors. Box 943-B.

BROTHERS—nineteen and twenty-five, college freshman and law school graduate, want interesting summer work, singly or together. Box 944-B.

DO YOU WANT to be a newspaper reporter? Send 6c in stamps for details. Richard Press, Box 602-C, Martinsburg, W. Va.

CAMERA ENTHUSIAST abhors solitary snapping. Will photographable New York miss supply femme slant on Sunday excursions? "Retina."

YOUNG, married California couple, bored by steady job routine. Husband editor, newspaperman, radio writer, typist. Wife qualified elementary and dramatics teacher, librarian, cook. Go anywhere, land or sea, for adventure and/or travel plus reasonable livelihood. Harvey.

"LAUGHING" GAME. New summer amusement "hit." Hilarious entertainment for home or party. In handsome case, prepaid, $1.00—or C.O.D. Hollywood Game Publishers, (92) San Jose, California.

STARVING PORTRAIT ARTIST; but good! Will paint from your photo: In charcoal $5, pastel $15, watercolor $25, oil $50. Miniatures a specialty. Box 701, Lawrence, Mass.

CHARMING OLD PILLARED HOUSE, on Connecticut River, Mt. Vernonish situation, familiar to many celebrities, for summer rental. Ninety hilly river acres for rambling. Garage. All normal conveniences. K. B. B., Box 224, Old Lyme, Conn.

PLAYBOY of the intellect, sobered by professorial dignity, needs letters from spiritual sugar-babies to restore high spirits. Bindlestiff.

CLASSIFIED

ADVERTISING rates for this Classified Department are as follows: For twenty or more consecutive insertions of any copy, minimum twelve words, 6 cents a word each insertion; for any less number of insertions 8 cents a word each insertion. Copy may be changed every week. The forms close Friday morning, eight days before publication date. Address Department G. H., The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, telephone BRyant 9-0896.

AMERICANA

AMERICANA: Especially better items, relating to the West, Mid-West, South-West, and Old South. Catalogs issued. Wright Howes, 1142 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

AUTOGRAPHS

WALTER R. BENJAMIN, the Autograph Authority, offers for sale, and will buy, letters of Chief Justices, the Presidents, Naval Officers, Cabinet Officers, Kings of England, Kings of France, and many others. Send for sample copy of THE COLLECTOR, established in 1887. 501 Madison Avenue, New York.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore, 141 Fourth Avenue, New York.

BOOK PLATES

ANTIOCH BOOKPLATES. Beautiful designs on antique finish paper. Send 10c. for loan of sample album. The Bookplaters, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS, FINE PRESS, CATALOGUES. PHILIP DUSCHNESS, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York.

GOOD BOOKS. First editions of established worth. Books by and about Walt Whitman. Catalogues on request. Alfred F. GOLDSMITH, 42 Lexington Avenue, New York.

FIRST EDITIONS, AMERICANA
Rare Books, General Literature.
Catalogues Mailed Free.
SCHULTE'S BOOK STORE, INC.
80 Fourth Avenue, New York.

MANNADOS BOOK SHOP, 33 East 49th Street, N. Y. First Editions—Association Items. Send for New Catalogue.

FOREIGN

FRENCH BOOKS OF ALL FRENCH PUBLISHERS, all unusual, rare Editions. LOWEST PRICES. Wholesale. Retail. Mail order catalogue 20c (stamps). FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 556 Madison Avenue. "New York's LARGEST French bookshop." Over 500,000 French Books in stock.

GENERAL

BOOKS ON THEATRE, PLAYS, ART, LITERATURE WANTED. DRAM-ART BOOK Co., 160 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. WAtkins 9-2382.

LITERARY SERVICES

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY AGENT. Books, stories, articles and verse, criticized and marketed. Play and scenario departments. THE WRITERS' WORKSHOP, Inc., General Electric Building, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York.

STORIES, NOVELS, BOOKS MARKETED. Editorially recognized, professional aid in placement of fiction and non-fiction. Intelligent, personal assistance in revision, criticism, editing for publication. New authors invited. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 47 West 42nd Street, New York.

TYPING, minimum 50c. L. F. Plank, 352 Park Street, Hackensack, N. J.

TYPING. Moderate rates. Ann Reid, 11 E. 44th Street, Room 508. MUrray Hill 2-4308.

MANUSCRIPTS—Typing, Editing, Proofreading. Promptness, efficiency, exceptionally low rates. Globe Service, 160 Fifth Avenue, New York.

MANUSCRIPTS INTELLIGENTLY TYPED. 5,000 words, $1. Elizabeth Urmancy, 1133 Broadway. WAtkins 9-9539.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Avenue, New York.

OLD & OUT-OF-PRINT books searched for and reported without charge. Good books bought in any quantity. C. L. Pyetell, 860 W. 181st St., New York, N. Y.

RARE BOOKS

MENDOZA'S. New York's Oldest "Old Book Store." We buy and sell Second Hand and New Books. Send for First Edition catalogue just issued. 15 Ann Street, New York.

Double-Crostics: No. 160

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

		1-P	2-W	3-B	0	4-U	5-F	6-G	7-H		8-J	9-O	10-U	11-A	12-X	13-D
	14-U	15-H	16-T	17-N	18-Q		19-N	20-A	21-D	22-C		23-S	24-I	25-E	26-K	27-J
28-T	29-M		30-F	31-P	32-C	33-H	34-V	35-D		36-S	37-K	38-F	39-H	40-V	41-L	42-Q
	43-V	44-I	45-R		46-U	47-J	48-F	49-W		50-B	51-D	52-R		53-I	54-L	55-W
56-K	57-O	58-G	59-S		60-D	61-H	62-P	63-Q		64-G	65-J	66-B		67-L	68-V	69-A
	70-E	71-F		72-H	73-N	74-M	75-F		76-A	77-C	78-R	79-E		80-T	81-I	82-L
83-K	84-W	85-D		86-K	87-M	88-W	89-Q	90-S	91-X	92-H		93-L	94-S	95-U	96-K	97-G
98-N		99-V	100-R	101-E		102-I	103-C	104-E	105-R		106-B	107-K	108-P	109-H		110-R
	111-V	112-F	113-W		114-N	115-V	116-T	117-K	118-A		119-D	120-A	121-B		122-S	123-J
124-P	125-M	126-L	127-U	128-K	129-G		130-R	131-Q	132-I		133-T	134-D	135-X	136-F	137-B	
138-N	139-C	140-E	141-D		142-E	143-A	144-B		145-H	146-L	147-T	148-G	149-J	150-P	151-S	152-O
153-R		154-I	155-W	156-V	157-F		158-D	159-B		160-T	161-A	162-I	163-J	164-L	165-H	
166-Q	167-J	168-P	169-T	170-V		171-B		172-Q	173-O	174-V	175-X		176-V	177-B	178-C	

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's International Dictionary.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 16 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Poem by Keats.

B. Annual ceremonial assembly of Welsh bards.

C. To call in question.

D. Classification of diseases.

E. Italian-English 18th Century public entertainment.

F. Beseech.

G. Bassanio chose one of three.

H. Arbitrary.

I. Consecrated.

J. To view with the mind's eye.

K. Woven into a fabric.

L. Winked (obsolete spelling).

M. Wagnerian heroine.

N. Incompetent or clumsy person (slang).

O. English college in Buckinghamshire.

P. English statesman (1770-1827).

Q. Disorderly, illegal.

R. Anglo-Saxon prince.

S. Cleaving, dividing.

T. At one place equally well with another.

U. Frustrate.

V. Apathy.

W. Body of methodological doctrine (phil.).

X. Number of spheres in the early Ptolemaic system.

WORDS

A. 143 118 69 161 20 76 11 120

B. 144 171 106 50 137 131 3 159 177 66

C. 103 22 139 178 32 77

D. 141 158 85 21 13 134 119 60 51 35

E. 25 70 101 79 142 104 140

F. 5 30 75 112 71 38 48 136 157

G. 129 64 58 148 97 6

H. 109 61 92 33 7 15 165 72 39 145

I. 53 162 44 132 24 102 81 154

J. 149 65 163 123 8 27 167 47

K. 128 83 26 117 37 107 86 56 96

L. 126 54 93 41 146 82 164 67

M. 74 87 29 125

N. 17 138 19 114 73 98

O. 57 9 173 152

P. 108 1 62 168 31 150 124

Q. 172 166 89 131 63 42 18

R. 110 78 105 52 45 130 100 153

S. 94 151 36 59 90 23 122

T. 80 16 28 133 160 116 147 169

U. 46 14 4 95 10 127

V. 43 156 111 99 170 40 68 174 115 34 176

W. 88 49 55 84 2 155 113

X. 12 135 91 175

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

England's wittiest story-teller finds his greatest story in himself . . .

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF G·K·CHESTERTON

Now in its 6th large printing. $3.00

Just published

DAMIEN THE LEPER

A biography by John Farrow

"A fine and moving life of the saintly fanatic who endured the horrors of the 'death before death.'"—*The New Yorker.* $2.50

CANDLE FOR THE PROUD

A novel by Francis MacManus

The thrilling story of the heroic, fighting poet who made history in 18th century Ireland. By the author of *Stand and Give Challenge.* $2.50

A check list of Sheed & Ward best-sellers:

HILAIRE BELLOC
An Essay on the Nature of Contemporary England. *$1.25*
Characters of the Reformation. *Illustrated, $3.50*

ALFRED NOYES
Voltaire. *Second printing, $3.50*

ETHEL COOK ELIOT
Angels' Mirth. *$2.00*

KARL PFLEGER
Wrestlers with Christ. *$2.50*

WALDEMAR GURIAN
Hitler and the Christians. *$1.75*

FREE: Write at once for complete catalog and quarterly literary bulletin: "This Publishing Business."

SHEED & WARD
63 Fifth Avenue New York City

Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

OLD Q. listened in, last Sunday night, to Archibald MacLeish's very fine verse play *The Fall of the City*, produced by the Columbia Broadcasting System. He was much impressed, not only by the brilliant clarity of Mr. MacLeish's verse but also by the superb skill of the dramatic sound effects and the excellent rendering of the lines. ☞Mr. MacLeish is here on a very worthwhile track, and more power to him. The text of the little fable (which has a strong meaning for the time) is to be published at once by Farrar & Rinehart, at 50 cents.

☞Colonel Ralph Isham, we read in the papers, has discovered some more Johnson-and-Boswelliana at Malahide Castle in Ireland. This game of Malahide-and-seek must be a lot of fun. ☞A visit to Baltimore last week informed Old Q. that H. L. Mencken has written a draft for a new constitution of the Free State of Maryland. It was first published in the Baltimore *Sun* on April 12. That famous paper, by the way, celebrates its 100th birthday this year. ☞Old Q. has been much out of town and has not yet had a chance to visit Doubleday's attractive new Fifth Avenue bookshop, adjoining Lord and Taylor's where the DD book department was started in 1916. ☞Lee Weber, writing for the shop in the spring *Book Dial*, says "we like to think that readers today have more sterling and noble and unquestionable good taste than the general group of readers 20 years ago." Old Q. wonders about that. The tabloids, the photographic magazines, the gossip-columns, have done a good deal of debauchery.

☞Bobbs-Merrill report that Burford Lorimer, son of George Horace Lorimer, is now their editorial representative in N. Y. City. ☞A scallion to Bobbs-Merrill, incidentally, for sending out a press bulletin saying that Blair Niles held a banquet in honor of "the wife of the President of South America." The dinner was for Sra Benavides, wife of the President of Peru. ☞A scallion to ourselves, correcting a slip we made. Winifred Clark continues as Sales Promotion Manager at Farrar & Rinehart; Sumner Putnam will be Advertising Manager. ☞In Boston we picked up the latest issue of *The Horn Book*, that very able magazine about books and reading for young people. It is published six times a year at 264 Boylston Street, Boston, and Miss Mahony and Miss Whitney, the editors, are doing an admirable job. ☞We were pleased again by the window-displays of the Enoch Pratt Free Library in Baltimore, which do so much to "sell" to the public the myriad services of a modern library.

☞The $2500 prize in Little, Brown's novelette contest has been awarded to Wallace Stegner of Salt Lake City for his MS, "Remembering Laughter," described as a dramatic tragedy of Iowa. It will be published in September. ☞The most lavish single item of advertising matter we have seen this year was the Audubon bird print (crested woodpeckers) sent out, almost full size and in 4 color process, by R. R. Donnelley & Sons of Chicago. It must have meant a lot of business for picture framers, as every recipient is proudly preserving it.

☞Delighted to hear from the lively Jack Fraser of Winston's that his house is publishing a book of text and pictures for children, *The Little Boy and His House*, by Stephen Bone and his wife Mary Adshead. ☞Stephen Bone is a son of Muirhead Bone, the renowned etcher; Mary Adshead is daughter of a distinguished architect. One of this talented pair's earlier commissions was the library decorations in the *Queen Mary*.

☞The annual medal of honor awarded by the Ulster-Irish Society of New York was given to Frederic W. Goudy for his achievements in typographic design. Secretary Frances Perkins came from Washington to make the presentation. ☞We are always startled when we hear of any notable workman belonging to any particular racial or sociological group: we are accustomed to thinking of them as beyond all boundaries of sect or blood.

When Is a Blurb Not a Blurb?

SIR:—The skylarking gentleman who wrote the article in your *Trade Winds* of March 6 about Robinson Jeffers and myself got everything right except the facts.

I never wrote a "blurb" about Robinson Jeffers. I included him in "The Superman in America," and when I compared him to certain aspects of Aeschylus, Chopin, Blake, etc., I gave the reasons for my enthusiasm, which the writer of the article carefully left out.

As for the publishers of Jeffers never "daring" to use my "blurbs" (to use the jargon of your writer), they (Horace Liveright) carried an excerpt from my article on Jeffers in the *Bookman* which covers completely the back outside dust-jacket of both "Cawdor" and "Dear Judas," with my name almost as large as Jeffers's.

This article in the *Bookman*, entitled "Robinson Jeffers: Tragic Terror," was selected by Burton Rascoe out of five submitted, one of which was by Lincoln Steffens, or his wife—or both.

As to what "poor Mr. Jeffers" (to quote your writer) thinks of my "frenzied" opinion of him, I quote from his presentation copy of "Cawdor" to me.

"To Ben DeCasseres: whose words on my work are like gems poured on a rough sea-rock. Affectionately, Robinson Jeffers."

Again in "Dear Judas": "For Benjamin DeCasseres, who pretends to find 'Tamar' impressive after writing 'The Shadow Eater'! Robinson Jeffers."

But the towering greatness of Robinson Jeffers (the greatest tragic writer in the world today and one of the few greatest of any time) does not need my "blurbs" or the condescending pat on the back of the "smart" writer in your review—a fellow who would, no doubt, try to play Beethoven's Sonata Appassionata on a police-whistle.

BENJAMIN DECASSERES.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED